

LIFE HISTORY
OF
JAMES CHRISTIAN BOLANDER

All in his own words,
except the Post Script.

Dictated February 1, 1941,
to his daughter-in-law,
Mary J. Chapman Bolander,
wife of John C. Bolander.

MY LIFE HISTORY

I, James Christian Bolander, son of Sven Gustaf Bolander and Anna Katarina Anderson, was born on the 8th of May, 1858, at *Aasted, Denmark*.

My Childhood

My father was a poor hard working man who had no home of his own. Some time after my birth he got a job on a brick yard belonging to a big farm by the name of *Knivehold*. There was a house on the brickyard wherein Father got the privilege to live in.

The place of the house where I was born named *Misemarken* was only a little ways from this brick yard. Here is where my first memory runs, back to the time when I was only two years of age. It happened like this: My oldest brother by the name of Johan had been down to the city of *Frederikshaven* and there he had got him a mask. I had not seen it so I did not know anything about it, but one day when I was sitting alone in one of the rooms in the house my brother came in there from his room with this mask on. I got very much frightened and started to cry. Mother was out in the kitchen and as I started to cry she came in to see what was the matter, and as she was standing there with my little brother in her arms who was only a few weeks old, and my brother standing there close by the door to his room, and I sitting by the table, I had a view of the room and everything in it. The remembrance of all of it is as real as if it had happened today. To some it may seem ridiculous and untrue, but nevertheless it is a fact. I mention this and other things which I shall write here to show my remarkable memory from the time when I was but a very young lad.

Shortly after that time we had to move away from the brick yard as it was not to be run that summer, and so Father got a job on a farm and we moved over to the farm and lived in part of the farmer's dwelling house. The farmer had a little girl about my age. I liked this little girl very much

and one day when I came running into the yard, having been outside in the field, I put my arms around her and wanted to kiss her, and as I did so she started to cry. I felt so bad that it almost made me cry to think that I should have made her cry.

When the summer was over we had to move again. This time we got a little old house to live in only a little ways from the main highway. Father had got him a team of horses and a wagon and started to freighting; as there was no railroad in that part of the country at that time, there was good money in freighting. A big company started to do freighting and as such had got a big steam outfit to use instead of horses and one day when this big steam outfit came along it mired down in the middle of the road and there it stayed for several days before they got it out, and that was the last of it as they decided that it would not work. I remember that I went over there to see this big outfit which was a wonder to all who got to see it.

We Build a House

The next Fall we moved again but this time it was to our own home. Father had got him a tract of land and on it he had built a little house. Now it may be interesting to learn something about how this house was built. There was a spot on this land which was in the grass and there was where Father built the house. He spaded up this grasssod in squares the same size and the same thickness and out of it he built the house, he had got him some few half brick from our church which they had remodeled that summer and he used the brick around the windeves and the door. The roof was covered with straw and dirt, the floor was covered with clay tramped down so it was solid. There was only one room and a little room to be used for kitchen. In one corner of the room was a place fixed for a bed; the wall answered for the one side and the 2 ends. The other side was nailed up with some boards. In the bottom was first some rock covered with straw and on it was the bed made.

I remember very well the time we moved into this little home of ours. We were all very happy that we were now in our own home and would not have to move any more. I was now $3\frac{1}{2}$ years of age.

Strong Jens

About one year after that, or in the winter before I was four years of age, something happened which to all that heard of it was a real wonder and almost unbelievable and by which my name was made known all over in our home circle. It happened this way: Father was threshing for one of our neighbors and one day I went over where he was. There was some sacks filled with oats and I went over to the sacks, put one of them on my shoulder and walked around with it. When Father saw what I was doing he was so surprised and everybody he came to he would talk about this wonderful thing that I had done and from then on I was called Strong Jens. The time went on and some of the sod walls was replaced with rocks. The roof also was replaced with something better than the first one. But there came a time when Father heard of a railroad was to be built a long ways away from where we lived and Father thought that if he went out to where this railroad was to be built and got work there he would perhaps be able to make some money so he could pay for the land that we had got, and so one day he left home on foot as that was the only way for him to get there. I remember very well the day he left with a bundle of bedding on his back and a little grub in his hand and a little money in his pocket on a journey some 80 or 100 miles on foot and we had but very little to live on. He was gone a little over 2 years. The first few months he sent us a little money but after that we did not hear from him, we did not know if he were alive or if he had died and we were left in a terrible condition. I was the only one to help Mother and I was only about 6 or 7 years of age.

The only way that Mother had to make a little was by carding wool and spinning and knitting and that was but very little she could make that way so she had to do the next best so she sent me out to beg. My little brother went

along with me to keep me company; we would go out with a little sack and what we got went in the sack. Some would give us a potato, and others perhaps would give us a cup of rye meal, others perhaps a little beans or a little fish. Whatever we got, it all went into the sack and when we came home in the evening we would empty our sack on the table and then sort out what we had and was glad and happy that we had got a little something. Mother would get some rye and some barley for her work and we would take it to the grist mill and there get it ground up as it were, without separating the bran from the rest of it and then make it into bread; but that it would last as long as possible she would cook some potatoes and after they were cooked and would peel them and mash them up and when the dough was ready to be made into loaves she would mix the potatoes with the dough so there would be about one third of potatoes and one third part of rye and one third part of barley, but it was good and we were very glad for it.

One day I together with my little brother had been to a little country store and on our way home we found that a farmer had spilt a little rye on the road so we took our caps off and gathered up this rye as good as we could and took it with us home. I wanted to plant it and Mother told me I could plant it in the southeast corner of the garden as so I did. The next year I threshed it with a stick and planted it again; this time I had spaded up a big place outside the garden and there I planted my rye. The next year after I had got it threshed, it was enough for a big space, yes, for an acre or more, and I was going to plant it again so that I would be able to get a big farm with rye but then Father came home and my rye was taken to the mill and that was the last of my rye farming.

We were glad that Father had come home but I was sorry that my rye had to go to the mill instead of being planted as I had planned on. There would have been a lot more to say about these two years which we were alone

without help from Father but let this be sufficient.

First Job

After Father had been home for some time and got work so he could make something we improved our home. We got us a cow and some sheep, got more of the land under cultivation, I got it so that I could be free from the school in the summer so I could go out to work. Here is the one thing I shall write about, I think it would be interesting, I got a job one summer herding geese. There was a mill run by water pour; the miller had some geese and I got the job herding them there was a big lake of water backed up for water pour and there I was to herd the geese. They would swim across the lake and get where they were not to be and when I had got around the lake to where they were, then they would swim across to the other side and before I could get around to where they were I would find them in a patch of green or somewhere where they were not allowed to be. It was bad for me, but when they got so the young ones could fly then I had a terrible time for sometimes they would fly across the lake and over in a man's green; yes, that was the toughest time I think I ever had herding.

At the time when I was 11 years of age I got a job herding cows, I was there for three summers from about the first of April to the first of December. I had 30 head of milk cows and 5 or 6 calves and heifers; besides that I had some sheep to take care of and I sure had my hands full. I received three *Rigsdaler* for each of the two first summers and five *Rigsdaler* for the last summer. It would be about \$1.50 for each of the first two summers and \$2.50 for the last summer. The next I got a job on another farm; here I received 12 *Rigsdaler* for that summer, which would be \$6.00.

Growing Up

This spring I did graduate from the school so now I could be out working all the time. I was now 14 years of age and my place was now out in the world taking care of myself. I was working on the farms. When I was a

little better than 16 years of age I was working on a big farm together with my Father; we were contracting digging trenches for draining purposes.

CONVERSION

Mormon Children Sing

One day it was raining but we had to work although it was raining. When the noon hour came along we needed to get somewhere in shelter while we were eating our lunch. There were a little house on the farm not so very far from where we were working and so we decided to go there for shelter. As we entered the house we found some 4 or 5 little children home all alone. The father and Mother was working on the farm. While we were sitting there one of the children, a little girl, went over to where there was some books and got a little hymn book and so they all started to sing some of the songs and among the songs was the song "*Babylon er faldet i støvet ned*". These hymns made a great impression on me. There was something with the songs so remarkable; although I could not grasp the meaning of them. The spirit of them impressed me so, and when we got outside I said to Father, "The children sang beautiful, but what kind of people are they?" He told me they were Mormons. I had heard about the Mormons, but that was all, so I did not know anything about them, but the impression that I got from listening to the children singing stayed with me.

Mormons in Denmark

The time went on and I partook of the spirit of the world and as such was one with them. The Mormon people was hated and persecuted on every hand. They were thought to be the worst people on the earth and so I took part in doing them all the harm I could without any other reason than that the people were all united in doing them harm and so I did do them all the harm I could. The time went on and I was now about 20 years of age when something said to me, why do you mistreat the Mormon people, why not let them serve the Lord as they please, and so I stopped doing them any harm, and at times I even took their part and protected them, for what reason I did not know for

I had no use for Mormonism nor for any other isemall I had found by investigating was that they all was teaching man doctrine, not the doctrine of Christ.

In the year of 1881, my brother was baptized into the Mormon church and as such Father drove him away from home, and as I was married he came to me and told me what had taken place and asked if I would allow him to come and make his home with use. My wife and myself told him that we had no use for his religion but he was my brother and as such we loved him and he was welcome to come and make his home with us.

Study Brings Belief

This was in the fall of the year, and as I had but very little work that winter I had plenty of time to read and so I was reading and studying Mormonism, not for any other reason than then pure curiosity. I wanted to know something about that so much evil talked about Mormon people, but as I went on reading and studying the doctrine of Mormonism I came to the conclusion that there was something in Mormonism that could not be found in any other religion. And so after about 3 months of investigating I had the privilege of attending a Mormon meeting and there I received a testimony of the truthfulness of the Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and we, my wife and myself, wanted to be baptized and as such we moved down to *Frederikshaven* where the missionaries had their headquarters.

We rented a house, or part of a house; in the other part of the house lived a young family, members of the Methodist church. The man was a sailor and as such he was not home but very seldom but his wife was always there and she wanted us to go with her to her church. We went with her a few times but it was to us nothing but emptyness. We stuck to Mormonism and almost every evening when I came home her and I would discuss religion, I defending Mormonism and she defending Methodism.

Satan Works Against Us

We wanted to get baptized and to get to church but the evil power was working

hard against it. In the week days we would talk about going to church next Sunday, we were all united about it, but when Sunday came and the time to go to church, something always got in our way so we could not go, but as soon as the time had passed and we did not go then all the trouble that had got in our way disappeared. And so it would go on day after day, Sunday after Sunday. The only time we could get to church was when my brother could come our way and get us with him to church. But I was always defending Mormonism and fighting for my conviction.

A Strange Malady

Now there came a time when I got a kind of fit wearing on me. To start with I would have an attack of it once every other day and then it got to be every day and by and by many times a day and I got so weak that I could not walk without help of a cane, and it got so that I could not even walk with the cane. It was a very funny thing, I had my senses all the time but if I did not sit down or lay down when it came over me I would fall as I could not stand. Another thing which was to me a v ery remarkable thing was my hearing; while it was working on me if I happened to be outside and a wagon would come along the noise from the wagon sounded like it could be thundering. If I was in the house and someone would walk across the room even in their stocking feet it would sound like they were stomping as hard as they could on the floor. Well, I got weaker and weaker and it seemed to me that there was only a short time left before I would pass away and I felt very bad.

One day as I was sitting by my table I thought I would get up and see if I could walk a little for a little exercise, and as I got up and started to walk a melody came to me and I started to hum on it, it was a melody that I thought I had never heard before. I turned around to the table where a little hymn book was laying, took the book in my right hand and took hold of it with my left hand and opened it and started to sing the hymn with the melody and so I sang it. It contained 5 verses and each verse fitted my condition and gave me hope and encouragement. To me the most remarkab le thing of it is that I don't know

that I had ever seen nor heard of that hymn nor the melody of it, and from then I began to get better and the fit left me and I have not had it since.

Baptized

On the 13th day of August, or rather on the night of the 13th of August, we were baptized, my wife and myself. We walked out along the seashore where there was no houses nor roads and there we were baptized in the *Osien of Kattegat* and was confirmed the same night. From then on we did not need anyone to come and help us to get to church; the evil powers had left us, we had overcome them.

One remarkable thing which happened the day we got baptized I think is worthy of mention; that day which was a Sunday my brother came to our place that Sunday morning, and as such we had the privilege of getting to church. After the forenoon session my brother went with us home for dinner. At 2 o'clock there was another meeting and we had intended to go with him to church but a little before it was time for us to go my wife said "I don't think I will go". We had three little children and she said "the children got up very early this morning. If we go and take the children with us they will all go to sleep in our arms, which will not be very pleasant. I think I better stay home and put the children to bed so they can sleep and then they will keep awake tonight so we can take them with us". And so she stayed home for that purpose of putting them to bed.

As my brother and myself came to church we found we were early and a member of the church, one I had known for 2 or 3 years, was there and as we came in he came over to me and said, "What is the matter with you, Bolander? You have not got baptized yet. I thought you were going to be baptized as soon as you came down here and now it is in the middle of August and you are not baptized yet. What is the matter, is there something you can't understand, or is your wife against it?"

"Well, there is lots that I don't understand but I understand the Gospel

is true and my wife is not against it, we are united. But there is an evil power that is in our way."

"Well," said he, "now when this meeting is over go home and talk with your wife about it and come and get baptized tonight. There is three others who will be baptized tonight. It would be nice for you to come along too, so it would be 5 of you at the same time."

After the meeting was over I said to my brother, go with me home and help me to get things ready so we can go and be baptized tonight, and so he went with me and it was decided that he was the one to bring it all about so we could go and I was not to say anything about it, but we were no sooner inside before I said to my wife, "you can't think of what we have been talking about".

"No," said she, "what is it?"

"We have been talking about getting baptized tonight."

"Well," said she, "I have been thinking about the same thing. Instead of putting the children to bed as I was going to do I have kept them up so they would be plenty sleepy so we could go and be baptized."

There was my wife at home without knowing my plans, inspired to plan for the same thing as we had planned at church and on the way home. And after she had told me about her plans and I got to looking around I first noticed the children all in the room with us, I had been so completely taken up in my mind that I had not seen the children.

Persecution

But now came persecution on every hand. We became an outcast, no one had any use for us, the family and all our friends turned against us, we became almost as a stranger in our own country. But we had embraced the Gospel of Jesus Christ and although we were rejected we were happy and would sing about Zion and talk about Zion and dream about Zion. Yes, Zion was on our mind wherever we was, there was no doubt in our mind, no we know for a surity that Mormonism was the truth, there was no ifs or ands about it.

Living Our New Religion

And as the time went on we tried to the best of our ability to live our religion and at times I was called on to help in tracting and in finding places where we could hold services and invite the people to our meetings, and sometimes I was called on to even hold meetings. Once I was sent out in the country to find a place to hold a meeting and invite the people to the meeting. I got a place and had been around and invited the people. I was promised that there would be some Elders come out there to hold the meeting but when the time came for to hold the meeting only one Elder came out there and he had only been in the country a very short time, and did not have the language and as such could not say anything and did not have the language and as such could not say anything so it was up to me to do the preaching. I did not hold the Priesthood, and the place where we were to hold this meeting was where I was very well acquainted from the time before I had become a Mormon, and my life was almost as an open book, but we had to do the very best we could so our meeting was opened by a song. I was a good singer so that went good, then our prayer and another song, so far everything had went on good. Now the missionary started to talk but it was very hard for him as he could not find the words he wanted to use, and when he did find a word he could not speak it; he took up about 10 minutes and then he turned the time over to me. I was well read but it was my first attempt to speak. We always held our meetings for 2 hours and there was better than one hour for me. I was shaking so I had a job to stand on my feet but I stayed with it I had to do it and I want you to understand that I was humble; if there ever had been a humble man it was I. But the Lord was with me and I took up all the time. After the meeting was over there was a lot of questions to answer and it all went fine and the people seemed to be well pleased. We were a long ways away from home and no other way of getting there than to walk, and all the way home we were singing and rejoicing over the grand time we had had

and for the Lord had been with us and helped us in our work in holding that meeting for we understood that without his help we would not have been able to have got along as well as we did.

There is another time that I want to tell about while I think of it. I was again sent out in the country to prepare for a meeting. There was a member of the church living out there where I was sent and I was to go to his place and get him to help me in getting a meeting established at his home and then go out and invite the people to the meeting. And there would be some one sent to conduct the services, some one who would be competent to do so. We had been out and notified the people of the meeting and the time came to hold the service but no one came to help us and as the people was there we had to do the best we could. This brother held some of the Aaronic Priesthood but was no speaker and as such we were up against it. It went good in opening the services by singing and prayer, but now came the real task. My companion started to speak but had but very little to say and so could not take up the rest of the time. What I did say I don't know but it seemed like the people was well pleased. There were some criticism and some apostates there but we handled the situation very good, and when we were through we were very thankful to the Lord for his assistance for we surely needed his help and so we rejoiced and were exceedingly glad.

We, my wife and myself, was baptized on the night of the 13th of August. We had to take the night for it, if not we very likely would have been mobbed and so we went out of town along the ocean side where there were not houses nor roads so we would not be molested and here we were baptized and confirmed in a house in the north end of the city where a Mormon family lived and came home about one in the morning glad and rejoicing over the great privilege we had in becoming a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

Josie Born

In the fall of the year we moved to *Bangvedstrand* and lived in a house

by the name of *Begborow*. Here on the 14th day of January a little girl came to our home; we named her Josephine Caterine.

That winter was hard winter for us, there was very little work to get, the only place where there was any work to get was at the harbor when some ships would come in. One time for three days I went to the harbor early in the morning without anything to eat, was there all day until late in the evening without any work, came home hungry and cold to my family hungry and they expecting me to come home with something for them to eat. But then came a day when, after walking around at the harbor, I got five hours of work unloading fresh herring from a Swedish ship, and here I got some 5 or 6 dozen herring and one crown and 50 *øre*. But before I went home a man came and wanted some men to help unload a big ship with coal. I took the job and was to be there at six in the morning. Well, it was after nine in the evening and all the stores was closed. I got my fish in a sack and home I went. There was a little store a little further out from where I lived and there I went before I went home and got me a pound loaf of bread and a pound of lard, and when I got to the door my wife and children met me at the door saying, "Father, Father, we got bread". A missionary had sent them a loaf of bread.

It was hard to get something to warm up the house with and so a fellow had to do the best he could, there was a big forest about two miles from where we lived and they were to have a sale on some wood from the forest and so I went there and got some of this wood. But I could not afford to get a man with his team to bring the wood home to me so I got me a rope and with it I tied my wood together around the bud end. I took as much as I could lift from the ground at each time, they were long limbs with a top to it and so I put this rope around my shoulder and lifted it up from the ground and put my right arm around it the best I could and home I would drag it on the snow. I would bring as much as a common horse would be able to pull, people wondered how I could do it, but I did it, I was very strong, I was almost like a superman in those days, nothing was too hard for me nor too heavy.

Our Family Grows

Three years after I had become a member of the church we moved to the city of *Aalborg*. We had then five children. We lived on *Urbangs-Gade* the first winter then we moved to *Slots-Gade* where we was for one year. While there our family had increased, a son was born to us there. We then lived on *Nørre-Gade* for a short time and then on *Peter-barkens-Gade* for a little over one year, and again here our family was increased as another son came to us.

From there we went to *Al-Gade* and lived there until the time when I together with five of our children on the 6th day of August bid farewell to our beloved little land of Denmark for to go to Zion. We could not get it so that we could all go together and so we decided it would be best for me to take the five children and go, then see and do the best I could in getting the rest of the family to Zion as soon as I could. So the day after we left my wife and two children went to live on *Sving-gelen-Gade* where they stayed until in April the next spring when they also had the pleasure of bidding farewell to the little land of Denmark.

While she was living on *Sving-gelen-Gade*, she became the mother to another son. He was born on the 28th of November, a little over three months after I left Denmark with the five children, so we had eight children born in Denmark.

Reunited

On the 21st day of May we had the great pleasure of meeting again, and that in Salt Lake City, Utah, in Zion. The nine months that I was here was not all sunshine for me as I met up with many things which was anything but pleasant, but I had come to Zion, the place which I had been longing so much for to come. Yes, for seven long years in Babylon, for seven long years I had been praying for this privilege and now I was here and my wife and children were here. Should I not be thankful to my Heavenly Father. And so it mattered

not what I had met up with, or what I would have to meet up with, I was here in Zion with my family and here we would learn more of the ways of the Lord that we may walk more rightly on his *Pades*.

Arrival

I am now going to tell you some of the comical things which started shortly after I came here. Our first stopping place was at Provo, Utah. My eldest daughter went on to Logan to stay with a family by the name of Anderson. We came here in the middle of the night between the 1st and 2nd of September. We cuddled up the best we could on the floor in the station and here we were until the next morning. When we got up and when I got outside and saw the high mountains right close by it sure was a great wonder to me to see as I had never been where there was any mountains before. At about 8:00 a missionary by the name of Jørgensen, he lived at Provo and he had come home from his mission to Denmark at the time I came over, in fact, he had been our leader over, this missionary took us over to a place where he got something for us to eat. And by the way, he gave me 50¢. He then put us on the train that we were to go to Nephi on. On the way to Nephi a missionary who was with us who was from Orderville and who should go to Juab, said to me that he would take one of my children, a girl by the name of Minnie, with him home and take care of her until I could get the rest of my family over here. I was glad for the offer and so Minnie went with this missionary by the name of Sørensen.

My Sister in Ephraim

So I only had three of the children to take to my sister's place where I was going. When we got to Nephi, my sister and her husband were there fore us. There was no railroad going there at that time so we had to go by team and they were there with their team to bring us to Ephraim, where they lived. It was about 35 miles from Nephi to Ephraim. They had camped their team a little outside the town and when we got there I had my first surprise. They had a big covered wagon; I had never seen such a wagon. Well, they started to make a fire

and then to prepare to cook something to eat. I had never seen anyone make a fire outside and cook on it. My sister handed me a water bucket and told me to go over there to the creek and get a bucket of water, and as she told me she pointed in the direction that I should go. I went but could not find any water, nor could I find the creek nor the water. I was told a creek was a stream of water and I had seen a stream of mud running where she told me was a creek, but I thought that it could not possibly be used for anything. Now a creek was what we in Denmark called an old horse, and as there was no old horse anywhere in sight why I could not find the creek. One on me, and good one at that.

We got on our way and when we got almost to Moroni we stopped again and made another fire and cooked something to eat. We then went on to Ephraim and got there about one in the morning.

My Dream

Next morning when I got up I saw what I had seen in a dream in Denmark several weeks before I came to my sister's home in Ephraim. I had a dream that I saw her home, the house, the yard, the lay of the land and a cow that they had, a team of horses, the color of the cow and the horses, their chickens and a brown leghorn rooster, yes, everything as they had it there I had seen it in a dream.

I was there for three weeks working on the thrashing machine, and by so doing I had got me some wheat in pay for my work as there was no money to get. While there a good brother that I had met in Denmark while he was there on his mission helped me to get \$130.00 to send to Denmark for my family. As there was no money to get in Ephraim, and as there was a boom started in Salt Lake City I went there so to be able to get some money. There was man in Ephraim by the name of Hansen, he was going to Provo with two loads of flour and then go to Salt Lake City and load up with provisions for the stores in Ephraim, and I got the privilege to go with him to Salt Lake City. Along with him was two other men, carpenters. The one could not talk English and as such he had his son, a

boy about 12 years of age, with him as his interpreter.

Asking for Work

The other one was able to talk English good and started to teach me how to ask for work when I came to Salt Lake City, and this is the words that he learned me to say, "Master, have you any work for me?" It took some time before I was able to say that and remember it but I got so that I could say it before we got to Provo, and that took us four days.

On our way to Salt Lake City he thought that I really should know a little more and so he learned me this, "I came from Denmark one month ago", and I got so that I could say it and remember it before we got to Salt Lake City, and said he, "When you ask for work and the one you approach for work tells you if he has any work for you or not you will not understand what he is telling you, and so when you say I came from Denmark one month ago why he will then know that you cannot understand him and so he will try to make you understand what he wants to tell you.

The Temple

Well, we came to Salt Lake City on Friday afternoon about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. We slept at the old tithing yard where the Utah Hotel now stands, there was a big barn in it was hay and there we fixed our bed for the night. I went over to look at the temple. There were stone cutters all over there in the block it was all very wonderful to me. There was the Tabernacle, the Assembly Hall, the old Endowment House. The temple was just up to the square with the walls. I felt almost as if I was in heaven, I felt like I was standing and walking on holy ground. I did not dare to go out in town, being afraid that I would get lost as I could not tell anyone where I would go, so I did not go out to hunt for work before the next day, which was Saturday.

Zion Not Perfect

But Saturday morning I went out to look for work. I first went down south on the west side on Main street, took a good look at every corner house and other

places so that I would remember where they were. I went down south as far as to 3rd south and then I crossed over to the east side and came back up to where the tithing yard was. But when I was coming up on the east side of Main street about the middle of the block I saw a man coming towards me, but the sidewalk was not wide enough for him and as he came nearer I could see that he was drunk, and I thought to myself can it be possible that here in Zion where the Prophet lives, here where the twelve Apostles and other great men in the church live, and drunks are walking on the streets? Why back in Denmark if a drunk man would get out on the street he would not get very far before the police would get him and put him in the jail, and here this man walks along and no one takes any notice of it. But then I came to think of the hymn in our Danish hymnbook which read like this: *Tænk ej, naar til Zion I drage, at prøven er endt og forbi, at glæden I ene skal smage og da være frelste og fri! Nej, guldets maa lutres i ilden og vi vore prøver bestaa; vi der kun vil nærme os kilden og frelses, naar maalet vi naa,* and so I went on my way to look for a place where I thought I could get work.

My English gets Results--A Job

When I got to 1st South I went east on 1st South and came to Commercial Street. It was at that time only a very new street and nothing but some old shacks where the Chinese lived, but the city was tearing all the shacks down and widening out the street and was going to bulid some good big buildings. On the corner of Commercial Street and 1st South street there they were digging a big hole where they were going to build a big house and here I stopped to see if I could get work. After I had stood there a little while I noticed that there was two men standing together watching the men working there and now and then I saw them talking to these working there so I thought they must be the bosses over that work and so I went over to them and for the first time I would try to use my English. And so I said after I had drawed their attention, "Master, have you any work for me?" They looked at me and said something that

I did not understand, but then one of them said Monday morning. As Monday morning was almost like Monday morning in Danish, I thought that they meant for me to come to work Monday morning, and so I did not use the other English that I had, namely, that I came from Denmark one month ago.

After some four or five weeks I got a job working on the Denver Rio Grande Railroad down between P.V. Youngsen and Castlegate. There I worked until Christmas when I left there and was going to Ephraim to my sister where my little children were. It got so cold down where I was working so I thought I would go to my sister's place and stay there for two or three months and then go back to the railroad again, but when I got to Salt Lake, I had to wait there for five weeks until the pay car came back before I could get my pay for the last months work.

While I was waiting I met a young man that I had known from Denmark, he was working on the sewer and was getting \$2.00 a day. When he learned that I had some money coming to me on the railroad he wanted to borrow some money from me. He told me that he knew how to make something to take spots off with and if I would let him have some money he would help me to get the work he had, but it would be necessary for him to stay with the work for two more weeks so that he could get that much more money to work with. Now I was in need of getting some work so to make some money and would be glad to get that work there in Salt Lake as it was not cold there so I gave up going to Ephraim. I let him have \$21.00, it was all I could spare as I had to sent some money to my sister who had three of my children, and I was in need of a suit of clothes.

My Brother Andrew in Ogden and Another Brother in London

Now I had to wait for two weeks before I could get to work so I thought I would go to Ogden to see my brother, I had not seen him for seven and a half years. My brother, before he left Denmark, was to be a soldier and as he was a member of the Church he wanted to emigrate to Zion but did not have the

money so he could get that far, he went to England, he was a tailor of profession. We had a brother located at London, England and he also was a tailor and so my brother went there and got work with my brother there in London as he had a business of his own, but when he found out that my younger brother was a Mormon he would not have anything to do with him so he got some work with another tailor. But he soon had to leave that place as he was a Mormon, and so he was struggling along for about four years before he got it so that he could go to Zion. He had come to Ogden three and a half years before this time and had gotten married and had a little daughter about four weeks old at the time I came there.

I did not have his address but I knew his post office box number, so I went to the post office to see if he had any mail in his box, I found his box and I could see that there was mail in it so I thought I would wait and see when he would come and get his mail. I had been there for some time and would go and see if he still had the mail in the box, thinking perhaps he would have got there without me seeing him. I was standing in the door looking out on the street to see if I could see him. I was looking to the east as he came up to the door from the west and as such I did not see him before he was. When he seen me he knew me and the first he said was, "What do you stand here for?" I turned to see who was talking as I thought the voice was familiar and there he stood with a broad smile on his face with a long beard on. I would not have known him if he had spoke and if he had not smiled. We were very glad to see each other again, after seven and a half years of separation.

Getting my Daughter at Logan

I was there with my brother for a few days, I then went to Logan to see my little daughter and the folks that she was staying with. Logan was only a small place at that time, all small houses. The first I did was to go up to the temple,

it was a great sight for me. I then started out to find the place where my daughter was. I did know that they lived at *Greenjer*, and that it was north of Logan a little way, how far I did not know. I was bothered some with view of the country for things were turned around for me, east was west to me and north was south to me, and as I should go north I thought I was going south. There was some two or three feet of snow on the level so it was hard walking and I could see no roads anywhere. I saw down in the field a ways a farm and so I went there to see if I could learn where I was and where I should go to get where I wanted to go. When I got there I learned that the man's name was Gronquist. I remembered that my daughter had mentioned that name in her letters to me. Well, the man showed me where Andersen's place was, we could see the place from where we were standing, so I started across the field wading in the snow up to over my knees. As I got there Andersen came from this stable and as he seen me coming through the field in the snow he stopped to see who that could be. He had a tight barb wire fence around his place and as I could not see a gate I went through the fence, and by doing so I ripped my pants very bad, but I was glad that I was there. I had never seen Brother Andersen before. Him and his folks, his father and mother, one brother and two sisters, had all been members of the Baptist Church and he had come to America as a Baptist, had located in the eastern states. His father, mother, brother, and two sisters had all become members of the Mormon Church after he had left Denmark, his two sisters had come to Utah and located at Hyrum a little south of Logan, and when he heard that his sisters were in Utah with the Mormons he came to Utah to get his sisters away from the Mormons. Another girl by the name of Kareline had come to Hyrum from Denmark at the same time as Andersen's two sisters and the three girls were very good friends. When Andersen came to Hyrum to save his two sisters he also became a member of the Church and married this girl. That girl was about my age, we had gone to the same school and we had known each other as long as I can re-

member, and as she knew me they had sent me \$50.00 to help to emigrate with and with the promise that if we could not come all at the same time and would send some of the children before we could come they would take one or two of our children and take care of them until we could come, and that was why I had sent this my little daughter to them for a while until we could all come. So now when I came in together with Andersen it was a very pleasant surprise for all of us. Andersen's father and mother had also come to Zion before I came and were located at a place north of Logan by the name of High Park. I was there for about a week and while I was there they took me to see his father and mother and his two sisters, they were now both of them married. Sister Andersen sewed my pants up very nicely, she was a dressmaker of trade and she fixed my pants so you could not see that they had been torn. After a weeks stay with them I left for Ogden and was there with my brother for another few days and then went back to Salt Lake City as I was to be there by the 12th of January to take my job.

Bad News about Hy

The first I did after arriving in Salt Lake was to go to the post office to see if there would be some mail for me and I was glad to receive a letter from my wife, but as I had got it opened and started to read it it changed my gladness to sorrow for the letter told me that my wife was in the hospital with my little son that was born a little better than three months after I left Denmark. Some sickness from the head had made him blind and the doctor did not know if he could cure him so that he could get to see. It was hard for me to read that news but I could not better it so I had to take it.

Things Don't Go Well

I then went over to where the man who had got my money was lodging, it was the time that he would be coming home from work and I wanted him to go with me to the boss that evening so I could begin work the next day. When I got there he had just come home from work and I asked him to go with me to the boss, but

here was another hard blow for me, he told me that he had changed his mind and would give up his work. If it had not been for him I would be in Ephraim now, I had spent the money that would have taken me to Ephraim now I would have to pay another railroad fare to get to Ephraim, but it could not be helped so I had to take it. "Well," said I, when he told me he would not give up his job for me as he had promised me, "I guess I can get my money so I can go to Ephraim", as I had no work and no place to be. "No," said he, he had spent the money.

No Food, No Shelter, No Money, No Job--In January

Now here I was without a job and without a place to be and with no money as all I had was 10¢ and in a place where I was a stranger and in the middle of January. So I was there on the street, I had no overcoat to keep me warm. In the day time I would be on the sunny side of the buildings but in the night there was no sun to warm me with and no place to sleep. I would find some steps where I thought no one would see me and when I heard someone come along I would get up thinking perhaps it would be a policeman and I did not want to be put in jail and so I would move on to another place where I could find some steps to sit on and that was the way I would pass the night. Now and then I would get 25¢ and sometimes I would get as much as 50¢, but that was very seldom, and when I would get a little like that I would go in to a baker shop and get me some water and there I would eat my bread and drink some water.

Digging Rocks

After some three or four weeks in that condition I met a man by the name of Jorgensen. I had first met him in Denmark. He lived on 4th East and 1st South and he invited me to go with him home. He was a poor man and had no work, but he had credit. After a few days we decided to get some tools and then go up above Fort Douglas and take out rocks and sell them to the contractors, there was a boom coming on and the contractors wanted rocks. And so we did. We got us two crowbars, two shovels, two picks, some hammers and up to the rocks we

went. We had to walk all the way but that was nothing if only we could make a little money. We done fairly well.

Making Adobes

Meantime I met a man by the name of Heber Serles. He was a milkman and lived up at the north side of the city, northeast of State Street, north of Brigham Street where the small blocks is. He had some cows but had to get out of town with his cows and as such he had purchased some three or four acres of land where he was going to build him a home and where he could have his cows. There was a high place on this land that he wanted took off and so I made a bargain with him that I would take that high spot off by making it into adobes. I had worked on brickyards in Denmark for seven years and as such knew how to make adobes. My companion had never made any but he could mix the clay and so we could work together very nicely.

Together Again--In a Tent

To be right there with our work we got us each a 12 by 14 tent, one for him, and one for me, and this was the first home that I invited my wife and children to live in. We had never seen a tent like that before but we made it very comfortable to live in, especially in the summer. The next Sunday after my wife had come I went to get my children that I had left with my sister, I had written her and asked her if she would come to Nephi with the children so I could meet them there; then I could make the trip in one day. So I met my sister at Nephi with the children and back we went on the next train. As we lived about one block south of the old 12 out on the west side of the Union Pacific, it would be nearer for us to stop off at Millcreek and so my wife was looking for us and as the train had passed she, together with the children, started out along the railroad to meet us, and for the joy and happiness to again meet together. and we were all there except our little girl that had went with the missionary Sorensen from Orderville, the one that went to Logan. I had got home to me some two or three

weeks before my wife came. We were now at our new home. A week or so after that I got me a cow and a week after we got her she had a calf and so now we had plenty of good milk so the children could get that which was good for them, that which we had been praying for and hoping for for so many years.

Yes, the Lord had heard and answered our prayer, and had led us to this the Land of Zion and we were exceedingly glad and thankful to our God and Father in Heaven.

Geneology

I shall now give a correct account of all these of my family born in Denmark and who came to this our beautiful Land of America which number ten in all, namely, as follows: Myself, James Christian Bolander, and wife Anne Petrine Marie, maiden name Jensen, and eight children, the date of our birth and birthplace as follows:

Father, James Christian Bolander, born the 8th of May, 1858, at Aasted, Denmark.

My wife, Anne Petrine Marie, Maiden name Jensen, born on the 19th of February, 1955, at Tislum Hermedsted, Denmark.

Children, James Christian Julius Bolander, born at Lendum, Denmark on the 10th of April, 1877.

Anne Christine Marie, born on the 8th of December, 1879, at Aasted, Denmark.

Anne Temine Kareline, born on the 9th of August, 1881 at Lendum, Denmark.

Josephine Katerine, born at Bangsbostrand, Denmark, on the 14th day of January, 1883.

Andrew Christian Albert, born on the 18th day of October, 1884, at Aasted, Denmark.

John Vigo Carle, born on the 23rd of August, 1886, at Aalber, Denmark.

James Emanuel George, born on the 8th of January, 1888, at Aalberg, Denmark.

Hyrum Peter Otilius, born on the 28th of November, 1889, at Aalberg, Denmark.

These above was all born in Denmark, and now I will proceed with my geneology after I came to Zion.

LIFE IN UTAH

Getting Acquainted With Our New Land

As I have stated before, we were now located about one block south of the old 12 south on the west side of the Union Pacific Railroad in a tent

12 by 14 feet, but we were very happy and I done very good. When we had a little time to spare we would go down to the lake and up in the canyons or out in the valley to see what we could see and it was all very nice and interesting to all of us. You see I had got me a horse and we could get a wagon of Brother Heber Serle any time we wanted and so we were just having a fine time in our new home in Utah, the Home of the Saints. We had become members of the Farmer's Ward, but as we did not understand the language we would mostly go to the Scandinavian meetings in Salt Lake City.

The Tabernacle

I will now tell you some of my first experiences, which to me was very inspiring. The first Sunday I was in Salt Lake City I went to church in the great tabernacle, I entered in through one of the center doors on the south side of the Tabernacle and as I came in I went straight into the center of the building and there I sat down, and as I had sat myself down and looked up a wonderful sight appeared before me, the ceiling was all covered with evergreen lime and in front of me I saw that big magnificent organ, and in front of the organ was the seats where the President and his Counselors and the twelve Apostles and other great men in the Church were sitting, and on each side the choir were sitting, and as it was in the latter part of September they were all wearing their summer dresses. As I looked up at them it looked like, and I felt like, it was heavenly beings standing there in the air and it made such a wonderful impression upon me that I cannot find words to express, I felt almost as if I was in heaven, or looked into heaven. I will never forget the feeling that came over me as I was sitting there, I could not understand one word of what was spoken but the spirit of it filled me with joy. Yes, a joy that I will never forget. Yes, a joy that could be received in any other place.

Typhoid and Cows

Well, the time went on in joy and happiness until in the latter part of

September when my little son John and myself came down with typhoid and we were in bed for some four or five weeks. My partner had left and we were there in our tent waiting for me to get over my sickness, as well as my little son. Mr. Serle had built him a barn and a stable for his cows and he had been living in the barn while he had built him a fine new house. He had got the house finished before I got out of bed; now he was in need of someone to help as he had too much to do alone, so he wanted me to go into the milk business. He told me he would give me a sale for fifteen gallons of milk if I would start selling milk. I thought it would be a good thing for me and so we agreed on him giving me sale for fifteen gallons of milk and then to give me \$20.00 a month for helping him with his cows, and then let me fix up that part of the barn that he had lived in for us to live in. And as I had some adobes that had got spoiled some by rain while I had been sick, I could use them to fix the barn with and do the fixing myself, and so we did. I purchased the little spring wagon of Mr. Serle and got me a harness in the city and \$15.00 worth of milk cans and got my milk from a farmer in West Jordan, so now I was ready for business. I went with Mr. Serle for about eight days so to learn how to handle the business and to find where my customers were so I could find them. The work went on fine and I soon had many more customers and I worked it up to eighty-five customers. On the 8th day of December, my eldest daughter came down with typhoid; she had a hard time of it. About the middle of January she was almost over it when she took a backset and got worse again and did not get out of bed before in May, and then she was so weak that she could hardly walk. The doctor advised us to move from where we was as said he it was not a healthy place for us to be, so we moved to a place a little south of White Lake, southwest of Salt Lake City. Here I had rented a house with eighty acres of land that I could use to feed my cows on so now I wanted to get some more cows. I had made a bargain with a man west of Salt Lake City for eight cows, but the day before I was to go and get the cows a man came out there where I was living and told me that he was the owner of most

of the land and he did not want any cows on it, so now I would have no place for my cows, so I had to let that bargain go back. As my business was increasing I had to get more milk and so I made a bargain with an ex-bishop near Sugarhouse to take all his milk. To start with it went all right but after a while my customers complained over my milk. It got sour for them and there was not cream on it. The man I got the milk from took the cream off from the cans with the evenings milk and filled the cans up with water so I would have to give up taking his milk. I then got milk from a man from Bountiful and I soon had the same trouble there as there was no cream on the milk and it would go sour, so I got discouraged when I could not get good milk.

Teamstering

So in the latter part of June I quit the milk business and moved down to the Jordan River about one block south of 8th south on the west side of the river and there started to make adobes again. But after a while I got into my head that I could make more money if I started to teamstering, I had one good horse and I could get me another and a wagon and a set of harness and then I would be ready for work, and so I did. I soon could get more work than I could do and so I got me a span of mules and a wagon, and so now I had two teams. My eldest boy could drive a team and so I took him with me and we were doing fine. In the latter part of September we moved into Salt Lake and got, or rented, a house on 13th East and Brigham Street as it got too cold to live in the tent.

Lost Daughter and the Adventure of the Broken Reich

Now I had made some money and we wanted to go and see if we could find our little daughter that the missionary by the name of Sorensen had took with him, as we had not heard anything about where she was, or if she was dead or alive. I got the privilege of storing our things we had at a farm west of Draper; I knew this man from Denmark. So I sold my mule team, wagon, and harness and on the 5th of November we left on our journey for southern Utah. We were going to Long Valley where we thought we would be able to learn something about where

our daughter would be. Our oldest boy stayed with the farmer where we had stored our things as he would like to have him to help with the chores. The oldest daughter had gone to Logan for a visit. Brother Andersen had been in Salt Lake City for conference and she went them home for a while. So we only had five of the children with us. We also had in mind to look for some place where we could take up some land and thought maybe we could find some on our trip.

It went fine, we had a fine lively team and a good spring wagon with a cover on it and we really enjoyed the trip. We went through valleys, over mountains, through canyons, and by and by we had got to Panguich, but when we left there we got on the wrong road. There was two roads leading out of Panguich, the one to Long Valley and the other one to Kanab, and we were misfortuned by taking the one to Kanab. We had got a long ways on our road when we got to where there had been a big flood, a cloud burst I guess, and the road had got washed away for a quarter of a mile I guess and it was a terrible place to get over, but we had to do it so we started over this terrible rough place, and while doing so we groke the reich of our wagon. We did get out of it and up on the other side but could not go any further.

I had to fix the reich and the only way to do it was to make a new reich and how could I do it? There were plenty of cedar trees but I had no ax to cut them down with. All I had was my pocketknife, but I was not to give up. I went out among the trees and found a tree that I thought would make a good reich, and so I started to cut this tree down with my pocketknife. It was a hard work but it had to go on. It took me four days to cut the tree down and trim it up so I could use it for the reich, but how would I get it on the wagon? I had not a thing by which i could make the hole within each end of the reich, nor did I have a bolt to use for each end, but when we left Salt Lake City we had took a wooden tub with us so we could wash when we got in need of something clean. On this tub was three iron bands so I took the tub apart

and used the iron bands to fasten the reich to the wagon with. It was hard job but I had never seen anything that I could not do and so I did it.

Well, we started on our road again. After we had got some way from where we had fixed our wagon we met a man coming horseback and I asked him about our road and we then first learned that we were on the wrong road. He told us that we would have to go back to Panguich and then take the road to Long Valley, but as I did not dare to cross the wash again I asked him if there was no other way to get to Long Valley than to go back to Panguich, as I did not dare to cross that wash again. Well, said he, there should be an old trail here somewhere in the brush which would lead us to an old dugway which would take us down into the Valley but it had not been used for many years and he did not know if we could make it that way. Well, I thought it would be the only way for us to try it and so I set out for to find the old trail. I did find a trail, at places it looked more like a cow trail than anything else, but we decided to try it and so on we went going through the brush, sometimes following a trail. We got to the old dugway but I did not dare to let the wife and children ride on the wagon and so they would walk behind the wagon. The dugway was very steep in places and very rough all over. The reich had stright some so I could not use the brake and so the horses had to hold the wagon by the collars and it was a very hard thing for the horses but they done it and we got down into the Valley all right and came to the road that we had missed.

As we got to the first little town the road was right closed by a stream of water and here we stopped to get a drink and some water for our horses. We had no water for ov er four days, and it would also be nice to wash our faces and hands. While we were camping there some children came to see who it could be camping there as it was not a place where travelers would come. As they came nearer they could hear that our children were talking Danish. These children's parents were Danish, and so they rushed home and told their father and

mother that there was a Danish family camping down the creek, and the next thing we knew why the man came down to us to see who the Danish people could be. As we were talking I told him who were and what we were seeking, and after I had told him about our little daughter, then said he "your daughter is right here in this place," and as he said so he pointed out the house where she was. We could see the house from where we were standing. This was good news indeed and we were very happy that we had found where our little lost daughter was and that she was still alive.

After we had got cleaned up the best we could we hooked up our team and drove over to the place where our little daughter was. We found her outside but she did not know us and when we told her that we were her father and mother and the children were her brothers and sisters she could not understand it as she had been told that she would never get to see us anymore, that she was given to this family and her name had been changed. But by the help of her sister Josephine that we had with us who was about two years younger but a very smart little girl, almost eight years of age, I said by the help of her talking and telling her about us she finally came to the conclusion that it really was her father and mother together with some of her brothers and one of her sisters that had found her at last. As the man was not home I would not say anything to the woman about what we were there for, but as we could not go back again before we got our wagon fixed we would have to wait a few days, and then perhaps the man would come home.

So we left there to find the blacksmith but when we got there he was not at home as he was up in the mountains looking after his stock. All the people in that country was making a living on the stock they had in the hills as there was very little farming land. We were told that it very likely would take a week or more before we got our wagon fixed. We would have to wait a few days, and then down at Orderville about three miles further down the Valley there was two blacksmiths and so we went down to Orderville but when we got there we

found that the blacksmiths were both up in the hills looking after the stock they had in the hills and no one knew anything about when they would be home again. Well, another town by the name of Mount Carmel was about three miles further down the valley and there were two Danish women living there that we were acquainted with so we thought we better go down there to see them and to pass the time away by visiting and so we went down to Mount Carmel. Here we found them all at home and they were very glad to see us. While there the man who had married one of the women by the name of Bine (he was the Postmaster in that place and his name was William Jolly), he wanted us to stay there. He thought it would be a good place for a poor man to make a start, and as there was a house and lot close by his place for sale why he wanted me to buy it and stay, and so I did buy that little house. Now I was told that it would be too late for me to go back to Draper where we had stored our things as the snow would be too deep in the mountains before I could get back, so I had to give up getting our things until next spring.

After we had got located in our new home, and some eight days had passed away, I thought perhaps the man where my little daughter was had come home so I went up to Glendale where he lived to see him about my little daughter. He was home all right and I told him who I was and that I had come for my daughter. He did not like it, he told me that the girl was given to him and would not give her up, but I made him understand that the girl was mine, but I would leave it up to her; if she would rather stay, why I was now located at Mount Carmel and as such could get to see her often. I would not force her to go with me, but if she would rather go with me, why she would go with me, that was all. While we were talking about it the girl came up behind me and whispered to me that she wanted to go with me home, so I told them that the girl told me that she wanted to go with me home, and so we go. They did not like it but I could not help that, so we went home to our new home.

Horse Problems

The winter went on rather fine. There was not very much to do, no money to get. I got three head of horses for work but they were not worth anything much as I could not sell them. Early next spring I went to Draper for my things, I had got me another work wagon and I went back with that, I thought I would need it for my things. The little girl that we came down there for wanted to go with me for to see two of my sisters that she had never seen, the one lived at Ephraim and the other one at Manti. We first went down to Draper and there we got our things that we had stored there and so back we went on our way home with two wagons and my eldest son, he was now thirteen years of age, and now we went by way of Ephraim and Manti.

Before I left my home at Mount Carmel I had borrowed a horse to make the trip with; I was thinking to buy the horse and wanted to try him. Between Chester and Ephraim there was a flood for about a mile, the water was all over the road and there was no way of getting around it so we had to go through it. When we were about in the middle of it the horse that I had borrowed would not go any further. He stopped there and that for good. So I had to unhook him. I then tied him to the wagon and took the other one and went into Ephraim to get my brother -in-law to take his team and go with me to pull me into Ephraim. My son and daughter I left there with the outfit to look after it. My brother-in-law got me out of there and into Ephraim, from there we went to Manti and then on our way home going over the mountains near Circleville. As we were at a steep place that horse stopped again and would not pull at all; he even pulled back. The other horse was a real horse that would and could pull, and so I fixed the stay stain so he could pull it all, and he did pull the wagons and the other horse too so we got over that place. As we were almost to Orderville, between Glendale and Orderville, there was a place very sandy and in it the horse stopped again and would not go, and to stop the other one from getting anywhere he lay down. I now had to unhook him and I had to take the harness off him before I could get

him up, and as soon as I had the harness off from him he got up and started to run for the mountains and I had to get on the other horse so to get him. Well, I uncoupled the wagons, then took the one wagon and fixed it so that the one horse could pull it and so home we went and left the other wagon in the sand. When I got home I took the mate to the good horse and went back and got my wagon home.

Hunger

As I had not had any work since I came to Mount Carmel that I had got any money for, the money I had when I came here was all gone. The trip to Draper for our things had took the last money I had and we were in need for something to live on. I heard that the Relief Society had some wheat so I went to see if I could borrow some of it, or buy some on time. I did get 10 bushels of wheat by giving the three head of horses that I had got for work that winter as security. The wheat was valued at \$1.05 a bushel. I took this wheat to the grist mill and had it ground up. We now had bread for some time but when it was all used up we still had no money to get any more wheat or flour as I had not had any work that I could get money for. The Relief Society had no more wheat so I went to the Bishop to see if I could borrow some flour. I knew he had plenty of flour but he would not let me have any without I would give him my team as security. That I could not do, as I had come to the understanding that I could not make a living there but would have to go somewhere where I could get work and get money for it, so here I was; no work, no money, and nothing to eat.

I then went out to see if I could borrow a sack of flour, but no one had any to spare. As I went to the first one he said no I can't spare any but perhaps Brother so and so can let you have some, and that was the answer I got every place I went to every one in the little town of about twenty families. Some three or four days before that I had helped Jorgensen, the Danish man in Glendale that I had met as I first came into Glendale. I had

helped him over the mountains with a load of grave stone that he was going to sell in Panguich. It was just before Decoration Day. He was to pay me when he came back and he thought he would be back in about eight days. He told me that he did not expect to pay me in money but he thought he would get flour so he could pay me with flour. Now as I came home to my wife and told her that I could not get any flour, but, said I, "Jorgensen will be back in maybe four or five days and then we will get something to eat". So the only way out that we could see was to wait until Jorgensen came back, but Jorgensen did not sell his grave stones as quick as he thought he would and so we were waiting for twelve days before he came back, and when he came back I got 125 pounds of flour off him for two days hard work with my team, but we were glad we could now get something to eat. In the twelve days that we were waiting for Jorgensen we had nothing whatsoever of any kind of food stuff. We lived on green lucerne and pig weeds that we cooked and put some salt on, that was all, but we were not complaining; no, we were happy we were in Zion and it mattered not what we should meet up with.

Things Improve

Not long after that I got some work that I got money for, a man wanted me to put up a fence for him, he wanted a barb wire fence and I was to furnish the posts and set them and tack the wire on and he was furnishing the wire. After that I got to looking a little better for us. But we had decided to go away from there, and so in the first part of November we left Mount Carmel going north.

Family Changes

At Monroe, Sevier County, we rented a farm some three miles north of Monroe. While we lived in Mount Carmel our family was increased by the birth of a little girl, born on the 13th day of April. We gave her the name of Cora Mathilde. On the day of the first of October, 1893, at Monroe our little daughter Cora Mathilde died.

That fall we moved to Redmon, Sevier County, Utah. This was in Grover

Cleveland's time, no money, no work, no price for anything. We would trade with each other with what we had, maybe trade some posts for some flour, or some molasses for baking for some poles, or whatever we had we would trade it to someone that had what we were in need of.

On the 5th of August that year, which was the year of 1894, we had our family again increased by a little son coming to us, we gave him the name of Henry Christofer. In September that year we moved to Spanish Fork, I was thinking of going to Lehi to see if I could get work there at the sugar factory, but I got some work in Spanish Fork and there we were on 12th East and 7th South on the first of November that year, which was the year of 1896. The next year we moved to the corner of 7th East and 8th South. That year we got us ten acres of land out near Sandy, hwere we built us a house of one room, the next year we built one more room to it. Then we got ten more acres of land from our nearest neighbor. A year later we got twenty more acres. That year we rented a big dry farm out at Bluffdale. The year after another little girl came to us, we name her Sadie. She was born on the 17th of July, 1900 at Sandy, Utah.

More Moves

We parted with our home in Sandy and in the spring of 1901 we left there and went to Hinkly, Millard County and was there that summer. We then left there for to go to Canada but we did not get any further than to Shelley, Idaho. While at Sandy three of our daughters got married. We arrived at Shelley on the 28th of October, 1901, and rented a farm southeast of Shelley just southwest of the butte. Here we were for two years. The first winter we were there we had some bad luck, we came there with six head of horses and two wagons, the Christmas day our finest horse died, a week later another horse died and some later time another one died, and then another, and in less than six weeks from the time the first one died five of them was dead and a fine heifer and a bunch of pigs. I was there for two years. We then moved into

Shelley for the winter. Next spring we moved down on a farm belonging to John F. Shelley. Myself and two of the boys was working on this farm for so much a month.

Mission

Next winter I was called to take a short term mission. I was laboring at Groveland Moreland at Riverside and McDonnal-Ville and Porterville.

Next spring I bought a farm in Porterville, I had 303 acres of deeded land and about the same amount of undeeded land. The boys stayed with me, we were all working together. After four years of hard labor and putting in all we had and at the end of four years we lost all we had by dishonesty of the one we had bought the farm from, whose name was Alex Jouney. We now came back to Shelley again; it was in the spring of the year 1908.

In the fall of the year before I went on that Mission, I together with my whole family went to Salt Lake City for conference, and after the conference we went to the temple where my wife and myself had our Endowments. We found that we could not get our three oldest daughters sealed to us as they were married and their husbands were not Elders. It was a great disappointment to us all.

In the year of 1906, I was again called to take another short term mission. At that time I was laboring in Woodville and New Sweden. In the summer of 1908 I tried to do some real estate business but it was without any success, I also tried to do some shoe repairing. I was worrying so over losing my farm until I took sick and I guess if I had not pulled myself together and decided not to think of our bad luck losing the farm. I soon began to get better and in a few months I was again able to work. The year after I got the job to work for the County doing cement work along the main highway putting cement bridges and dives and culverts in. I started on the 28th of March and stayed with it until the winter started and got too cold, so I stopped in the middle of December. I had done very well and saved up some money.

In the year of 1907 I had a call to go to Europe on a mission, I had the

money so I could go but we had a bad money panic, we could get nothing but some yellow paper for our produce, and as we had about \$5,000 on the farm I was afraid that we would lose the farm and that the boys would not be able to handle things in those critical conditions, and so I had refused to go on the mission. Now that I did not go and that we lost the farm although I was there, I had made up my mind that if ever I should get it so that I would be able to go I would spend the last dollar I had to fill that mission. So now that I had made some money working for the county, I counceled with my children and they all thought that I should go, so I went to my bishop and told him what we had decided to do and told him to send my name in to the church office, and he did.

On the 4th of January I got a letter from Box B that I was wanted to leave Salt Lake City on the 17th of January. So on the 14th I left my home in SKelley to go on that mission. In the fall of 1902, I had a patriarchal blessing given to me by Andrew Jensen, Patriarch of the Blackfoot Stake, Idaho. This blessing told me that I should go abroad and that the Lord would be with me and evil powers would flee before me and many wonderful things was pronounced on my head. This was ten years before I went on that wonderful mission. I say wonderful, it was indeed a wonderful mission.

Traveling to Denmark

We left as I said before on the 17th of January, our first stop was at Omaha, Nebraska, we had from early in the morning to late in the evening at Omaha. We then had our next stop at Chicago, here we had one day and one night. We then stopped at Buffalow for one day and took the car to Niagara, and then we stopped at Montreal. Here we also had one day stop, we then left Montreal for St. John, Canada, here we were for three days. We then left for Halifax, was there for some five hours. Now we were out for the crossing of the big waters to Liverpool, England. We were told that we would get to Liverpool in not more than seven or eight days. The first night on the ocean

from Halifax a very hard storm came up and it kept on for nearly all the way, blowing and snowing. Four of the big boilers got out of commission, and our wireless telephone got out of commission so we could not send word nor could we receive word from anywhere, for 48 hours the captain had no control of the ship. The captain said that he had sailed that route for twelve years but never had he seen such weather, but there was thirty missionaries on the ship and so the ship hands were sure that we would make it for never had they heard of a ship go under with Mormon missionaries. When we came in to Liverpool they were all very glad to see us all safe from the troubled sea. After two or three days in Liverpool I, together with eleven more missionaries, left for Copenhagen, Denmark. There I was appointed to go to *Aalborg*, and then after three or four days in *Aalborg* I left there for *Frederikshaven* where I was to preside over that branch.

Sees Family in Denmark

But before I left *Aalborg*, I had the pleasure to find my wife's aunt and uncle and some more of my wife's folks. On my way down to *Kvisse*l, a little better than one Danish mile, about four English miles, I got off the train there at *Kvisse*l, and walked about one English mile to where my mother and one sister lived. It was about 10:00 in the evening. They were all to bed except my sister and as I knocked at the door my sister came to open the door, I spoke to her and called her by name but she did not know me, but when I got in the house and up to the bed where my mother was, she told me that she knew me as soon as she heard me speak to my sister. It sure was fine to see my dear mother again and she was very, very glad to see her son once again. I stayed with them for four days, then I had to go to my headquarters as I had to be there for Sunday.

Frederikshaven Branch

It was a surprise to me to find conditions as I did find them. *Frederikshaven* used to be a very lively branch, many was the saints that had come from that branch, but now I found things different, instead of a big lively branch I

found a small almost dead branch. The branchquarters was a little 12 by 12 room for services, but it was sufficiently big for the people that came there, as we had only six or eight to our services and that including two missionaries. I found that there was 27 members lost no one knowing where they were. I found members that had not been to church for over two years. I found that the branch had received sixty crowns from conference headquarters the last half year to help pay expenses. What to do was not clear but rather a puzzle to me, but something had to be done to better conditions, as they looked very bad to me.

Two weeks after I arrived there I was to take over the management of the branch as the missionary who had presided was to leave for his home in Canada and had been released from his missionary labor. One day after I had taken over the Branch, the thought came to me to go down town, I did not know what I was going down for, but I was impressed to go, and so I did. As I was walking along the street I saw a sign over a door to a music store reading like this, "*Oscar Skreiber*". I stopped and looked at this sign and the thought came to me, "Why, that is the name of one of my best school boy friends. I wonder if that can be my dear friend Oscar who was sitting by my side in school for the last two years that I attended school." He was a little older than me and he had a brother by the name of *Peterseftinus*, but we always called him Mus. These two boys I had known from the time I started to go to school, and we were always the very best of friends. I must go in and see if it is him, and so I went in. As I came into his office, as the door that I entered lead me into his office, a man sitting by his desk with his back towards the door turned to see who came in, and as I saw his face I said to myself, "yes, it must be Oscar", for he looked so much like his father, but otherwise he did not look as I would think he should for he had white hair and his whiskers were white and he looked to be so much older than I thought he should. I went over to him and reached out to him with my hand and said, "Good Day, Oscar!" He looked at me and said, "Who

are you? I don't know you." "No," I replied, "that is no wonder, but you remember when you were going to school a boy who was always sitting between you and your brother Mus; his name was Jens." His face turned into a smile as he said, "But is it really Jens? Why, I heard that you joined the Mormons and went to Utah." "That is right, Oscar, I did, but now I am back here as a missionary."

Well, we talked a little about the Mormons and then turned to the days when we went to school. You see, we had not seen each other since the time we were fourteen years of age, and now we were about fifty-five years of age. Well, there was many things to talk about from our boyhood days, and some Mormonism now and then. After we had been talking I guess for about two hours or more he said, "Would you like to see my store and supplies of musical instruments?" I answered, "Yes, that would be interesting." And so he led me in where he had a fine supply of instruments of different kinds and as we were looking at what he had there in his store it came to me what I was there for. I had been troubled in my mind over the bad condition in the branch, and what to do to create some life. Here I had been led into this place where was that which I wanted, some instrument was what I should have so to put life into things. And so I asked the question, "Do you ever such a thing as to lend any instruments out to people?" "Yes, I do sometimes." "Well, then, what have you got that would satisfy my need?" "Why," said he, pointing to two church organs, "there is what you want." I took a good look at the organs standing there and as I did pointed to one of them and said, "What will you take for this one?" "How long do you want it for?" said he. "Four months to start with. At that time I may be moved to some other place, but if I stay I will want it for as long as I am here." "Well, said he, "you can have it for four months for \$20.00 and if you decide to buy it that which you have paid in rent will go on the price of it when you buy it." "That is fine," said I, "when can I have it?" "I will have it delivered this afternoon," said he.

Now the next question was one to play it. A family by the name of

Petersen, good members of the Church, had two girls; they could both of them play, as they had an organ, so I thought, "I will try and see if I can get one of them to play at our services," and so there I went. But before I went there I sent an order to the headquarters of the mission for six books of the Songs of Zion. When I got to Petersens I found the oldest of the girls at home and so I said to her, "Line, I have got an organ and have sent to the headquarters for six books of Zion. Now will you be so kind as to play for us at our services?" "Yes, I will be glad to do that," said she, "but there is another thing that I want to ask of you and that is, will you help me to learn the notes?" There is a book of instruction along with the organ and I don't know anything about notes, but if you will help me this week, or as long as it will take for the books to get here, I am sure I will learn the notes so that I can read them and then I will organize a chior and we will see if we can't put some life into it. Line told me she would do all she could to get it to go, and so Line was teaching me the notes and we were working at it all we could for about eight days, then the books were there and we started some music that was worth listening to. It got the people to come out and we had to get a bigger place for our gatherings.

Petersen had built his home some few years before that time and in it he had built one big room for church services, but the missionaries had given it up as so few came out and so they had rented that little place, but now we was in need of a big place and so we moved back to Petersen's place, and soon we had some 50 or 60 to our meetings instead of 6 or 8 as we had before. I had organized a choir with some 14 members, and had found most of the members that had gotten lost and besides that I had got life into those that was almost dead and had not been to church for over two years. All the people was in need of some cheering up.

A poem comes to my mind, and I will write it here:

A WORD OF PRAISE

How much a little word of praise will keep a fellow going.
How much a little compliment will keep the sunlight flowing.
A word of cheer will do it too, so, fellow man and woman,
Let's try today along the way to be a little human.
How much a comforting remark will do to keep one steady.
How sweet the heart responds with song and always up and ready.
A word of praise, a word of cheer, they have a mighty power
To lift the spirit out of gloom, the same as any flower.
How much a man can do when he is told he's doing finely.
How much it makes the world a world he learns to love devinely.
The highest and the lowest like the tender work and human,
And as it is with men, it is the same way with a woman.

Now that I had got things a going fine I turned my attention in another direction. The newspapers were full of scandal stories about the Mormons and I thought it was about time to say something about it, so I wrote an answer to the many deceiving willfully, and malicious stories that were blindfolding the people and keeping them in darkness. I demanded the privilege of getting my writing in the paper in defense in behalf of the Mormon Church and the Mormon people. I did get it in the paper and after that there was no more in the papers against the Mormons or the Mormon Church.

My patriarchal blessing was almost literally fulfilled while I was on this mission, for wherever I went the evil powers fled before me and the work progressed. Instead of 60 crowns which the missionaries had got to pay the expenses for the last half year before I came, in the ten months that I presided over the *Frederikshaven* Branch we had paid our own expenses and had to our good 15 crowns, and besides that I had bought the organ and paid for it, something no other missionary had ever done before. Another remarkable thing was that in the 10 months that I had presided over that branch, I had never asked for one meal and had all I could eat, nor had I ever asked for one night's lodging but I had the best bed they had, and sometimes where they did not have an extra bed they had given me their own bed and fixed one for themselves on the floor. Wherever I came the evil power fled and the doors were opened unto me. If I met ever so bitter a people they became my friends before I left them and with an invitation

to come back places where the missionaries could not get a hearing, and where the people would not take a tract, when I came the doors were opened unto me and they received my tract gladly. This was my experience wherever I went while I was laboring in the *Frederikshaven* Branch.

After the 10 months of labor in that branch I was appointed to preside over the *Aalborg* conference where I met with many experiences, some of them not so pleasant and others very pleasant, but I shall not mention any of them except one. After 5 months presiding over the *Aalborg* conference we had our spring conference. Some time before that I had received a letter from the mission president in which he asked me if I would go to Norge and there preside over the *Threnhjam* conference, the president of that conference wanted to get the privilege of laboring in *København* as his folks were living there and would like to be near them for some time before he would be released to go home. There was a missionary in *København* who had come for to help the conferences with music as he was an expert in music, but he had got to the end of his activity in that line and so the president wanted him to take the place as president in *Threnhjam*, but he would not go there, and so the president wrote to me to see if I would take the place. I had answered him that I would rather be where I was but that it was not for me to say where I would be, so where he, the president, told me to go and labor, there I would go, and so it was decided that I should be released from presiding over the *Aalborg* Conference and then go to preside over the *Threnhjam* Conference. The missionary that was to take my place had come to *Aalborg* some two weeks before the conference was to be held, and while there these two weeks he had made it known that he was to take my place. The saints were against me getting released and sent to Norge, so the choir leader with the sanction of some of the members started to get a petition signed against me getting released. He had gotten some 40 signatures on his petition and when the mission president came to hold the conference this petition was handed to him. Now the president could see that there was too much opposition against me getting released

so I was not presented at the conference to be released. The president said to me, we will let it go for some time and then I will send you your release and that cannot be stopped, but if I had been presented before the people at the conference the people would have a chance to vote on it, and as he could see it the vote would be overwhelmingly in favor of me staying where I was. Now this conference was held about the 6th of April and some time in the latter part of May I got a letter from the President with my release in it and the appointment to go to Norge to preside over the *Threnhjam* conference.

Healing the Sick

To go back to the time when I was in *Frederikshaven*, there is a few things that I think would be of interest to know, and here it is. While laboring in *Frederikshaven* there was a sister by the name of Dunbek. She was married and was well to do. She had five daughters but no sons. None of her daughters nor her husband were members of the Church. We had been neighbors at one time before I emigrated to America. I knew her mother at that time. She was a member of the Church and this, her daughter, had gotten baptized while her mother was still alive. Now I was very welcome by her husband. Before I came the missionaries did not come there much, as he did not like them to come but when I had come there to preside why it was different. I, together with my companion, was always welcome. Now this good sister took sick and as they had their own family doctor why he was called in to tend to the lady, but she got worse instead of better and one day the doctor told them that he could do nothing for her and that she would not live over two hours more. Up to that time they had not asked for us Elders to come and administer to her, but now when the doctor had told them that she could not live more than two hours why they got to thinking of the Mormon Elders and so two of the daughters came in to *Frederikshaven* for us Elders. It happened that we were not home, as we were conducting a funeral, a little boy had died belonging to a family, members of the Church, and as we were about ready to go from the cemetery the two girls came up there on their bicycles; our landlord had told them

where we were. They came with tears running down their faces, telling me that their mother was dying and for us to come out there as soon as we could. Now they lived about two English miles from where we had our headquarters and we were also using bicycles but had to go to our headquarters to get them, so I said to the girls to go home as quick as they could and we would go to our headquarters for our bicycles and get out there as soon as we could. They went home and we, my companion and I, got home and on our bicycles and out there as fast as we could go.

Now we generally went in through the back door when we came there and as we came in the yard we left our bicycles there and came in through the back door. As we came into the kitchen there stood the 5 daughters in a circle on the floor, so afraid that they could not say a word. I asked how their mother was but unable to talk one of them pointed to the door on the other side from where we had come. I went over to the door and as I opened it I saw the man walking the floor wringing his hands. Thinking that his wife was dead he could not speak, but pointed to another door leading into the room where his wife was lying. I opened that door and went in and up to the bed whereon the lady was lying, took her by the hand, called her by her name and as I did so she opened her eyes and then I told her that we were there and asked if she wanted us to administer to her and she whispered, "Yes." So I called the husband and the daughters in there and asked them to kneel down with us in prayer and so they did and when the prayer was over, in which I was the mouth, they got up and wanted to go out but I told them to stay and to see what would be done and so they stayed. I then asked my companion to annoint her with oil and after that was done we both of us placed our hands upon her head and I again was the mouth and I primised her that she should live.

After it was all over they all left the room but me, I stayed there with her for a little while and I again took her by the hand and comforted her and told her to have faith and she would recover. I then left her to join with the rest of them

in the other room and as I entered the room they were all, except one of the daughters, sitting at the table ready to partake of some chocolate and cake, and the other one coming from the kitchen with some more to put on the table. I then sat down together with the rest of them and as we were sitting there enjoying the good things which were there on the table for us, I heard some little noise coming from the room where the good woman was in bed. No one else seemed to hear it, so I said to the girls, "Your mother is talking," and one of the girls got up and opened the door and said, "Mother, did you say anything?" "Yes," said the mother, "I am hungry. Give me something to eat." And not over one-half hour after we had administered to her she was sitting up in bed eating a hearty meal.

Converting a Minister

Another thing which I think is worthy of writing here is this. There was a man, a Seven Day Adventist. He had been born in the Lutheran Church but had left the Lutheran Church and joined the Indre Mission Church. There he had been a minister in that church for some years. He then joined the Seven Day Adventist and had been a member of that Church for 28 years and a minister in that church most of the time. He told me that he had followed up the Mormon missionaries for 40 years preaching against them. This man I converted to Mormonism without preaching to him and his family. I baptized his wife and blessed four of his children and two of his grandchildren. How did I do it? That is a question worthy for many a missionary to have answered, but it is too lengthy for me to try to answer here, but let it be sufficient to say that I did convert the whole family. There could be many things to write but if I told them all I would perhaps never get through, so I shall only write a few of them.

Threnhjam

As I had gotten my release and also my appointment I soon got myself ready to say farewell to the saints and friends in Denmark. I arrived at the City

of *Threnhjam Norge* on the 4th of June, 1913. *Norge* is a beautiful country, fine scenery all over. As I came there I found *Threnhjam* about in the same condition as I found *Frederikshaven*, if not worse. They had no place to hold meetings and could not rent any place as the city dads and the ministers of the different churches was united about not letting the Mormons rent any place and they had forbid the people to let the Mormon missionaries rent any place to hold meetings, for, said they, "that is the only way to get the Mormons out of there". The newspapers were full of the worst kind of stories about the Mormons. I would rent a hall some place in the city and get to hold perhaps one or two meetings and the ministers and the city dads would find it out and would get after the ones who had rented to us and stop them in letting us rent from them, and so it would go from place to another. For some time I had been wondering what to do, then I thought, "I am goint to write something against our accusers to see if I could not stop some of the many things said about us in the papers", and so I did. I wrote a lengthy article and off I went to the editor who had the most and worst stories about us in his paper. After he had been looking over what I had written he said that he would not take it in his paper. Then I told him what I thought. Said I, "You will take in any old and crazy thing as long as it is against us and the Mormons but when we ask for the privilege to get a word in your paper in the way of defending ourselves then you refuse to give us a chance." Said he, "If you will go home and reduce it one-half I will take it in." So I did go home and as he had said I reduced it one-half and by doing that I still got in the most particular things that I wanted. I then went back to him again, but although I had reduced it one-half as he told me to do, he would not take it in. So what I had not told him about, what I thought of him, I surely did now, and I told him I would get what I had in my hands in some paper in the city of *Threnhjam*, that I was not going to give up. So I left him and went out on the street, I did not know where I should go; in fact, I did not know where there was another editor. I knew there were many

of them, but where to find them I did not know, but I was out to win the fight and would not think of giving up. I had not gone very far when I got to another editor of another paper, so in I went, got to talk with the editor of that paper, but after he had glanced over the writings I handed to him, he gave it back to me with the information that he would not take it in his paper. I then told him the same things I had told to the other one, only a little more, and I told him that I had been with this other editor. When I told him that I had been with the other editor he said, give it to me I will take it in my paper, and I did get it in his paper. I learned afterward that the two editors were not on friendly terms with each other and that was what helped me.

It did not take long after that before all the false stories stopped coming in the papers, there was peace in the land as far as the Mormons were concerned. Some of our worst enemies became our friends. We received invitations to the Labor Union gatherings, and they even went to far as to write songs about the worst ones who had been writing about the Mormons and they sang them at their socials to make fun of these who had and did try to write and talk against the Mormons. Inside of about three months I had found a place that we could buy and so I wrote to the mission president and he came and we bought a corner with an old hall back of it, the hall we remodeled and in it we built a baptismal font. The hall, when finished, could seat 125. The corner building was sufficient to pay all expenses and then some; the place was located on *6 Kongens Gade*; the price for all of it was 62,000 *Kroner*. Now we had a home of our own and very fine location. It took work and lots of it and hard work, but we got it and all through my hard labor. While there I had many glorious experiences, and some rather bitter experiences, but I was there to do the will of the Lord and let come what will. I had the pleasure to see the *Threnhjam* conference in a fine condition before I left there.

Mother

After ten months of hard labor I was released to go home, it was in the latter part of March. Only on my way home I went through Denmark, visited at *Frederikshaven* and *Aalborg* where I had been laboring. I must not forget to state here that while I was laboring in *Frederikshaven*, in which branch my mother lived, I had two sisters and my mother, but my mother died on the fourth of October, 1912 while I was laboring there. She told me when I arrived there to take over the work in that branch, that she had prayed to the Lord that he would spare her life so that she would have the pleasure to see me once more. He did hear her prayer, and she had the pleasure to see me. Now she would like for the Lord to spare her life yet a little longer that she could be in my company yet for a little while. The Lord also heard and answered this her prayer, and the last time I saw her was on the 2nd of October. I was on my way to *Aalborg* and went that way to see her before I would go to *Aalborg*, I was to attend conference there on the 6th, and as I was saying good-bye to her she said my prayer had been answered and now she would be willing to go if so was the will of the Lord. Before I left I told my sister to let me know if anything should happen; I felt that Mother was expecting to die, perhaps before I would be back. And so she did, as she died two days later on the 4th of October, 1912 at the age of 87 and 9 months.

Now after a few days in *Aalborg* I left for *København* and then from there to *Exgerg* where I took the ship for England and then on to Liverpool. Here I met with some more missionaries that was on their way home.

Liverpool

We stopped at Liverpool for a few days, and while we were there we went out and took in the sights as we had time, we wanted to see all we could get to see. After we had been almost all over the fine part of the city, we went to where there was an underground railroad and so we decided to take a trip on that. We went

down a lot of winding stairs down and down and then down, it almost looked like we would never get to the bottom of the stairs. When we did get to the bottom we found a real station and a real railroad train and on it we went a long ways under the ocean, and when we got to the end of it we got off and then into an elevator, it looked more like a big room than an elevator and at first I did not know better than we were in some big room to wait for some way to get out, but after a little while I felt that we were going upwards and soon we were at the top and got out way above the water in a city, I don't remember the name of it. After looking around there for some time we decided to go back to Liverpool again and so we took a ship back so we could better see the distance across the water under which we had come on the underground. Well, we had seen everything that was worth seeing and went back to our hotel, then two of the missionaries and myself got to talking about the slums.

The Slums

We had seen all that which is fine to look at now we really should go and see the other side of the story and so we decided to go out to find the slums, but as we did not know where to go to find the slums we decided to ask some policeman and as we were walking along we saw two policemen standing at a corner of a street and so we went over to them and asked them if they would tell us where to go to get to the slums. They tried to tell us that we had better not go there as it was not a safe place for us to go, but we told them we could take care of ourselves and that we had taken in all the fine things we could find and now we wanted to see the slums. When they saw that we were determined to see the slums they told us where we would find that which we were looking for, and so we got to the slums after a long walk and it sure was a sight. We went all over the slums and spent some 7 or 8 hours walking around in the slums and did not leave there until after 10:00 in the evening and came back to our hotel at about 11:00 P.M. It was a long walk but it was worth it for we found it just as it was, we had heard so much about the slums but now we really saw

it and it sure was a sight. Now this was some time in the early part of April, perhaps the 10th or 12th of April, and there we found women and children at the hours of about 8, 9, or 10 in the evening cuddling up the best they could around some corner and behind some building and beside some steps just to get out of the way, and hungry and cold, some of them half naked. There were some small shops here and there with no windows nor doors in sight, just a door like hanging on some hinges. It was opened up and through that opening someone inside would sell to the starving children and grownups as well some potatoe chips handed to those who were buying on a piece of paper, newspaper, and they would stand there putting it into their mouths and that was all they got. Oh, it sure looked pitiful. Many of the children did not get anything as they had nothing to get it for, and if the children would beg of those who had a little they would get a kick on their pants. We came to where there was a store, a little store, and in the windows were some cakes and a little boy was standing there looking at the cakes in the window licking his mouth and that way trying to satisfy his hunger. We could see him standing there long before we got there, so when we got where he was standing one of the missionaries along with me said to the little boy if he would like to have some of those cakes, but the little boy said yes, but he had no money, so this good hearted missionary went in the store and got some of the cakes that the little fellow had been wishing for, and when he came out and handed the little boy the cakes you should have seen him how he was shoving them down with both hands. Well, we saw young girls not looking to be more than 12 or 14 years of age with a little baby in her arms, we saw women and men walking along arm in arm so drunk that they could not hardly walk, once we saw 4 young girls coming along arm in arm drunk just staggering along. Another thing which took my attention was that as we first entered into the slums the people looked to be normal in size but further we got in the slums smaller the people were, and right in the center of the slums why the grownup womenfolks especially were no bigger than 10 or 12 year old girls

in general would be. We did not see any reason why we should be afraid for to walk around there no one interfered with us. Well, so much for the slums, and we were glad we went there for we saw there what we had no idea that we should ever get to see.

The Voyage

Well the time had come that we were to say farewell to dear Old England and the people there. The sea was rather rough the most of the way; we had many emigrants along with us and they were all seasick. As I never got sick I was at hand to help the ones that could not help themselves. There were one by the name of Hansen; he was an emigrant from *Aalborg* and he did not get sick and the only one of the emigrants that did not get sick. Him and myself, we would carry the sick ones up on deck so they could get fresh air and then when they wanted to get down we would carry them down. A lady steward, who, by the way, I had met her on the ship that I went over on, the one on which we were in that terrible weather; this lady was steward on that ship at that time and now she were steward on the ship taking us to the U.S.A. I and she were the ones to care for our Scandinavian emigrants and as such I met her and she remembered me. I did not recognize her at first but when she told me where she had met me I remembered her. She were a very fine lady and good steward but she could not understand the Scandinavian language, so she asked me if I would help her by going with her when she had to go and help the sick ones, and so I were helping her as well as the sick people. We were put on land at Montreal, and from there we went by grain. We landed at Salt Lake City about the first of May, glad to be home again and to see my dear ones again after almost 28 months of absence from home.

Gravel in the Kidney

I now had to start over again as all we had were spent for to keep me in the missionfield, and now the trouble was to get something to do so I could get on my feet again, but work did not come my way and after some three or four weeks

I came down with gravel in the kidney, I were suffering with that for about three months and could get nothing that would help me and I was in a very bad condition, then one day it came to me like someone could have spoke to me and said, why don't you get some olive oil, now why not take it yourself, so without any hesitation I got up and went to the Mallory's Store and got me a 50¢ bottle of olive oil, then started to drink olive oil. I took one or two swallows of oil three times a day in ten days I had used up all the oil and was entirely cured and have never had it since.

Shoe Shop

John F. Shelley had a man by the name of Isak Paker, who was his collector but he had left him and went to work with Tom Bennett in a warehouse and as I had no work I thought perhaps I could get that job, so I went to John F. Shelley and asked him for that job, but John F. Shelley told me that he thought he could get along without a collector for some time, but said he, "why don't you start a shoe shop?" "Well," said I, "it takes money to start a shop and I am broke and have no money." "Well," said he again, "you start a shop."

I had a shoe shop once before I went on my mission, at that time there were two or three others besides myself and so there were not much money in it, but now there were none and the people of Shelley really was in need of someone starting a shop again there, and so I thought, "perhaps I can make it some way and I better try it." So I rented a little space off the harness maker in his shop and wrote a letter to the Singer Sewing Machine Company at Salt Lake City, and asked them to send me a machine, I had had a machine from them before and so they knew me and I thought perhaps they would send me a machine. And so they did, for in only three days there came an agent with a machine, and so they did for me. The price was \$65, \$5 down and \$3 per month, but I had no money, but I told him to let me have the machine and I would pay for it, and so he did. I had made me a little work table and borrowed a shoe

last, a hamme- and ole a raps, and so I started my shoe shop.

When I got a job I would go into the Shelley store and get some leather and tacks. When the job was finished and I had got the money, I would go in to the store and pay my bill and get some more on time and in that way I started my shoe shop and I soon had all I could do, and so I stayed with it and worked myself up and in a year or two I had a well equipped shoe shop.

My business got bigger and bigger and soon I had to get some help as I couldn't do it all; I sometimes had one or two two work for me.

Bolander Row

I bought a lot with two old shacks on it. It was a big lot and the old houses there was on it was one on each end of the lot. I fixed them up so they could be lived in and then I with my family lived in the one house and I rented the other one, and some time after I sold it to my eldest daughter.

I had plenty room for some more houses and so I started to build three modern houses, the one was a corner house that was to be for myself and family to live in, the other two I would rent. After the houses were finished I sold the one. We had our fine house furnished with new furniture and a new player piano, we had never had such a fine home and furnished as we had now, and were we happy! I guess we were.

Stock Investments

Promoters came around almost every day for to sell some kind of stock and as I were making good money I would buy some stock when I thought it looked real good, and so I kept on buying stock, oil stock, mining stock, sugar company stock, asbestos stock, fuel comp, any stock. Yes, all kinds of stock until I had stock in 33 different companies and had spent about \$10,000 in stock.

Anna Patrine Marie's Death

On the 20th of March my wife took sick. She were out nursing after a confinement case some three miles east of Shelley. She took sick one

Thursday morning; at 3 o'clock in the morning started vomiting. They sent for the doctor and he gave her something to stop the vomiting but could not find out what was the matter with her as she were very sick and had a pain in her stomach. In the afternoon the man came in to me and told me that she was sick. I then went with him to see her and as I saw how she was I told him that I wanted her home and so we put her in his car and he took her home.

The next day, which was on Friday, she got worse, I then got word to all the children that lived around there. The doctor came in again but could not find out what was the matter, but when he left he said he would consult with some other doctors. At 7 in the evening, all the children were there. Then my son Andrew and myself, we administered to her and as we had administered to her the pain left her. About an hour later the doctor came back and had another doctor with him. They again examined her but could not find out what could be the matter, they thought there was nothing to be alarmed about and said that she would be all right in 2 or 3 days. Well, we thought the doctors knew what they were talking about and so when it got late the children began to go home. My next youngest daughter lived just across the street and as we had an extra bedroom with a good bed in it she said she would stay and so she went in there and went to bed. They had all went home but my youngest daughter and her husband, they had a little baby and were ready to go and stood there by the bed talking until almost 1 o'clock in the morning and practically the last word she said was "I feel very tired. If I only could go to sleep I feel like I could rest and sleep real good." They left and I thought I would not undress but just lay down on the bed with her and so I did but before I lay down, I fixed a shade over the light and did not turn it off.

She went to sleep, but at 3 o'clock I awoke by hearing her take a few deep breaths, I jumped out of bed called my daughter in the other room, we took her hands and started to rub them but she was dead. She did not move at all, but lay there just as if she could be asleep with a smile on her face. She layed with

both hands on her breast as when she went to sleep and did not awake again. I had her embalmed so we could keep her until the folks could get time to come.

It was a hard shock for me, and although I knew she was dead I could not believe it.

Life as a Widower

I stayed there for about one month. Then I could not stand it any longer so I decided to part with the house. I told the children to come and divide between them whatever there were in the house as a memory of mother and so they did and I then parted with the house. My daughter Minnie wanted me to come to her home and stay. She had a big house with rooms upstairs and I could live up there. I took her offer and went over there and so I was there for about one, then my daughter Anna wanted me to come and stay with them for a change, so I did. I was there for about 4 months then they had to move to Firth as Phil got a job there working in the Potatoes Warehouse. Now that they were to move I had to get another place to be, but as I had a room by the side of my shop that I had been using as a store room I did not really need it as such and so I fixed it up to live in and now I was right there with my work all the time. There were only one door between my shop and the Virginia Theater, and I would go in there some three or four times a week and while I was in there I would by so doing get my mind off from my trouble.

A New Adventure--Mining

The time went on and years passed by. I had some stock in a mine located between Brus Creek and Little Lost River. A brother by the name of Ras Christensen--he was the biggest stockholder in that mine and that was all he did have--now he wanted me to go with him into the mine and to take a contract to run in a 700 foot tunnel. There was plenty of good ore in the mine if we only could get in there where the big ore beds were, and by running this 700 foot tunnel we would get right where the big vein is located. Well, I agreed to go with him. I let another man run the shoe shop and off I went with Brother

Christensen to the mine. I was to furnish the capital as Christensen did not have anything, but before we could get to the mine we would have to make a road into the mine.

Christensen was a surveyor and he told me it would only take 2 or 3 weeks to make the road; with five men and two teams we could make it. So we started out with two teams and five men, but instead of two or three weeks it took us many months and so by the time we got to the mine my money were almost gone. We had a little ore that had been taken out some time before through some old shafts run down from the top down as far as 300 feet. The tunnel would come in about 300 feet below the bottom of the deepest shaft. Well, we did not have as much as were required for a car, so we went to work to get some more ore out of the shaft. We had good success and did get out quite a bit but not yet all that we had to get to be able to ship, but there were another party who had some ore and wanted to ship with us and so we let him ship what he had along with us.

Now Christensen was to go with the ore to Salt Lake City and get some tools that we needed and then get a supply of food stuff with him up to the mine and be up there as soon as possible. The two and one team he took with him down as we would not need them any more. The other and his team was to stay with me. He were to drag into the mine some timber we had cut down for to line the tunnel with. This man got out of hay for his horses and had to go down home with his horses after we had been waiting for Christensen for some time to come back, and when he left it was an understanding with us that he should come up to the mine for me in 8 or 10 days if Christensen did not come up, and he would know if he came as he would come by his place, but Christensen did not come and then this man came up for me to get me down from the mine. While I had been working in the mine all alone for some 3 or 4 weeks I had made a real good showing. We were now in about 40 feet and I had cut timber and lined all along as far as I had went, but I was out of grub to live on and so could not stay there any longer, and we had been waiting for Christensen for about a whole month and I had been living

for some days on frozen onions and frozen potatoes and that was not very good food to live on. This man had took with him a big sleigh and trailer, two wheeled one. The sleigh he had left down at Winter Quarters as he was going to take a load of logs with him down and so he came up for me with the trailer to get me down to the Winter Quarters.

Now it had been snowing for about two months and so there were lots of snow all over. Now I had left my Ford car down by the old log house at Winter Quarters, and I came down there I found it almost covered up by snow. While I was getting my car out of the snow he was loading up his sleigh with logs, but I found that someone had drained my car of gas so it was empty and the car was all froze up. I worked at it for a while but had to give it up as I could not get any life into it and so I helped to load up the sleigh. We put on a big load but as it was down hill; he said the horses would pull it all right. He hooked his horses up for the sleigh with the big load of logs on and we tied the trailer behind the sleigh and my car behind the trailer and I got in the car to steer it, but although it was downhill it was a hard job for the horses and after we had come some 2 or 3 miles down it seemed like the snow got deeper and deeper and the load too much for the horses; they could not pull it. So we had to leave the sleigh with the logs on it and go on without it. So he pulled the sleigh a little off from the road and left it there, he then hooked onto the trailer with my car behind it and off we go again for home.

We went on fine now it was not any more than the horses could pull, but we were not through with our troubles for as we had got some 3 or 4 miles down from where we had left the sleigh he broke the tongue off from the trailer, he had a chain and with it he hooked the horses onto the trailer and we started up again but without the tongue he could not guide the trailer. It would go in and out from one side to another and as such made it so much harder for the horses to pull it, and so much harder for me with my car to follow it so we went on very slow. At about 9 in the evening we got to his place after been pulling along

in the snow for 5 hours in the dark. We were almost froze stiff.

Now he lived close by a little store, and by the store was a little garage and I had the man work on my car to get it in running order and by several hours of work he got it in good shape again. There were also a little Post Office at the store and there were a letter for me from my daughter Anna. She had sent me \$5.00 and if it had not been for that I could not have come home as I had no money to get gas for but now I could get some gas and so I was soon on my way for home.

Selling the Shop

When I got there I went to see Christensen, I learned that he had got \$83.00 for the ore but he could not give me any account of what had become of the money and it was all spent. His excuse for not coming up to the mine as he should have done was that he had a sore finger, that was all. I found that I had a lot of bills to pay, rent and light bills and other bills and had nothing to pay them with so I decided that the best thing for me would be to see and sell what I had in the shop and pay off on the bills the best I could, and so I sold my machinery and everything I had, and after I had paid my bills I had about \$50.00.

Back to the Mine

Well, Christensen wanted to go up to the mine again and in February he wanted us to start out for the mine. He told me that now the snow would be hard and solid so we could go on the top of the snow. He had been up to the mine other winters walking on top of the snow and we could do the same, and as I had \$50.00 why we would have plenty to go, and so we started out for the mine. We got a man by the name of McDaniels to take us up there with his team and we took some more tools with us and hay and grub and in that way I spent my \$50.00. But when we got up to the mountains where there were much snow why we found that the snow was not hard as he said it would be, but said he, it would be hard when we got further up in the mountains and so we kept on going and by and by we got up

to the old camping place called Winter Quarters, but the snow were not hard so we could walk on it as he had said it would be and now we could not go any further without shoveling the snow away so we could go, but soon we found that the snow was very deep some 10-15 feet deep and so our shoveling did not go very fast. After having been shoveling snow for about a week we run out of oats for our horses but as we had plenty of oats at the mine Christensen said he would go to the mine for a sack of oats.

There was a little hand sleigh at the mine and he would bring it on the little sleigh, he would go up along the ridge of the mountains where there were not so much snow and when he got to the mine he would put on his snow shoes and then he could get back easy. So he left us one morning, took a lunch with him, he would be back that same day in the evening but he did not come back that day and next morning we felt a little uneasy about him. In the afternoon we decided that we better start out to look for him. McDaniels thought there were no use for both of us to go and so he said he would go and I could stay where I was shoveling snow, so he went to see to find him, he took a lunch with him, and a little before dark he came back and told me he had met Christensen about two miles from the mine coming with his little hand sleigh with a sack of oats. He had a long rope tied on the sleigh and he would go as long as to the end of the rope and then he would stand there and pull the sleigh up to him and then go again to the end of the rope and pull the sleigh to him again and that was the way he saw him coming, that he was almost all in. McDaniels have him the lunch that he had took with him and so he sat down on the sleigh while he were eating the lunch but he would not go with him to where I was but wanted to go back to the mine. He had told McDaniels that the day he left us he had not got to the mine before 9 that evening and had got there crawling on his hands and knees for about 2 miles and when he got to the mine he were so give out that he could not make a fire nor undress but lay down on the bed as he was and now he wanted me to come up to the mine and take some of our grub with me and we could go and get some whenever we

was in need of some and then work at the mine as McDaniels would not stay up there any longer.

So when McDaniels came to me with that order I said no that I would not risk my life walking from where I was through the snow but that I would go with him down and then get home, and so I did, but Christensen stayed up there as long as there were something to eat but he did not work, but after some 5 or 6 weeks he came home going down through Little Lost River; it was a better way to go.

Regret and Embarrassment

Well, I came home in about the middle of February broke, did not have a penny to my name. My youngest son Henry had a farm some two miles east of Shelley and one day when he was out horseback ridding along a canal bank the horse slipped and fell and Henry broke his one leg in the ankle, and as such he could not do his chores and so I went out there and helped him and done what work there to do until he got so that he could do it himself. The spring came along and I got a job helping clean out the canal and then I got a job plowing for a farmer and as such I made a little money. Now I wanted to get away from there, yes I wanted to go somewhere where there was no one that knew me for I felt so bad and so ashamed of myself that I thought I could not face the people. There I had a good shop and were making good money and then that I would let someone talk me into giving it all up and go into the mine thinking that I would get to be a millionaire and instead losing all I had. It was too much for me, I thought I could not stand it; I must get away as far away as I could, but where to go I did not know.

California

So one day I left Shelley for Ogden, was there for about 10 days and then I left there for California some time in May, and as I landed there I had \$15.00. I first went and got me a room, paid \$4.50 for one week's rent, I then went out to find me a job. I wanted a good job but could find no good jobs. It soon came the time for to pay another week's rent and by that time I only had a little bit

left of my money. Another week was almost gone and so was my money and I had no job.

I went into an employment office. There was a job that I could get out at Duarte, about 22 miles out of Los Angeles. I should take the job as a porter at a Sanitorium. I could get \$60.00 a month and board and room and laundry. That did not look so bad, take in the consideration the way I was fixed, but I had to pay \$2.50 to get the job and I did not have a penny, but I got to thinking that I had seen some pawn shops somewhere on Main Street and so I thought I will go there and borrow some money on my watch. To me that would be my only salvation and so I told the man in the employment office that I would take the job, and for him to hold the job for me while I went to get the money. He said he would, and so I went out to find the pawn shop. I found the place, went in and got \$5.00 on my watch, went back got the job and went out to the Sanitorium that same afternoon.

Neuritis

After a little better than two months I came down with what they call neuritis. It started in my left arm and soon got so that I could not work. I was there for about a week thinking that I should get better but instead I got worse. I was told that there were a place called Murriete Springs where people had got cured from such things as what was bothering me so I went out there. I went out on a bus, the bus were loaded with people going there for the same thing as I was but when we got there only a few of us could get in as they were filled up, so we went back some 14 miles to a place called Elsinor, there also were springs and I was there for almost two weeks but it did not help me any so I went back to Los Angeles, got me a room on Second Street between Main and Spring.

Penniless and a Real Friend

I could get nothing that would help me, I had got to the last penny and for that I got me a postal card and sent it to my roommate at Duarte, his name was

Harry Lock. He was a very fine man I thought the world of him and so did he of me. On the card I told him my condition but I did not give him my address. I told him that this was my last penny but did not ask him for anything. No, I could not do that. The day after in the forenoon he got my card and he went to the Head Steward and showed him my card and then asked for leave to go in and hunt me up. He thought sure he would find me and so that afternoon he came to Los Angeles for to find me. I had went to the post office for to see if there should be some mail for me and as I came out from the post office there I met my dear friend Harry Lock. I were very glad to see him and he were just as glad to see me. The first thing he done was to take me into a restaurant and give me something to eat. Then we went home where I was located on Second Street and there we were sitting and talking for some time, then came the time for him to go home, but before he did so he went into a doctor that he knew and there got some medicine for me and then he gave me \$10.00 with the words that as long as he had money I had money.

Shortly after that I happened to see an advertisement in a paper that there was a place on Sixth Street not so very far from West Lake, there were a sanitorium and he claimed to be able to cure any kind of rheumatics. I went there for about three weeks every other day. It cost me \$2.50 for each treatment. I stayed with it as long as I could get any money and my friend Harry Lock gave me \$25.00. Then he took sick and his earning stopped and he could not help me any more.

Well I had got a lot better and had to see if I could work and so I went to a free employment to get a job. I had been there several times but had not got any work but I kept it up and one day I got a job to help a man putting in some foundations. It sure was hard on me the conditions I was in, but I stayed with it and it was only four and a half days but it was welcome for me. But I was so overcome by the hard work that I had to go to bed for almost a week before I was able to go to work again.

I then had the good luck to get a job for a big contractor, he was making

a lot of cement walks and gutters and to build some houses. The location was a big hillside just across the street from the Military Academy at South Pasadena. Here I was working for about 4 months. We then caught up with the graders and had to stop for a while.

One day some time before this I had been walking along Main Street at Eighth Street where I had seen a little lumber shack with a little tent by it and in front of this little shack between the shack and the street was a little stand on it were some house numbers made on plate glass. I had never seen anything like them before so I stood there and looked at them for a while and then the thought came to me, if I knew where to get the materials and tools to make them with I could make that kind of work. One day while I was at my work I told one of the men that I was working with and had some confidence in what I had seen and my desire to find out where I could get what was wanted for to do the work, and as I had told him he said, "I can tell you where to get the information you want. There is a magazine," said he, "in that magazine you can find anything you want no matter what it is." Now we were layed off for a while as we had caught up with the graders and so I thought that I would get that magazine and see if I could learn something about making the name plates, and so I did. I got the magazine and in it I found what I wanted and sent to St. Louis for my outfit and materials, and got me some glass, made me a sample case where I put three house numbers and name plates on each side, and out I went to take orders and in a little while I was doing fine by making house numbers and name plates. I also made bigger signs. The biggest one that I ever made was one 8 inches by 6 feet, it was to be placed over a double department door. I worked at that for some time and as there were a boom in Los Angeles at that time I got a good business for a while, but there came a time when the boom came to an end and the people got afraid thinking we would have a hard time and so the work got slack and people wanted to sell out and go away but could not sell as no one wanted to buy, and as such I could get but very few orders and had to stop making house numbers.

Jobs

I then got a job as a real estate salesman but there was nothing in that and so I got up against it and wanted to go back home but had no money to go for, but after a while I found a way to get away from Los Angeles and got back to Idaho. My son George was on a farm a little southeast of Shelley and he had work for me as it were harvest time and so I was with him for about two months then I left there for Salt Lake City, there I stayed until Christmas and then I went into Ogden so spend Christmas with my son John who lived there.

I liked Ogden and decided to stay if I could get a job, and I did, and so I were in Ogden for about three and a half years and I then went up to Huntsville where I bought a shoe shop from one by the name of Petersen. While I were in Ogden I worked at different things, I first worked for one by the name of Hansen and while there one day I was driving a team hauling dirt from a place where they were making a fill for a railroad track to be used to unload coal, and as I was unloading my load one of the horses jumped ahead and I got my left leg caught in between the double tree and the houns of the wagon and got it mashed up very badly. I was layed up for about four months before I could go to work again. I then got a job working for E.E. Thomas the plumber as an helper, I started to work on the 17th of June and worked for him until Christmas, I then bought a little lunch counter, had that for some two months when I sold out. I then bought me a crisp machine for popcorn, but that did not go good. I was then working for the Utah Construction Company for a while and one night after I had got my chieck for \$30.00 some odd dollars, a man came in in the night and stole all my money. I also tried to take subscriptions on the Utah Farmer, a farmer paper, and the last work I had in Ogden was for T.E. Thomas, who I again had worked for for some time before I went up to Huntsville.

While in Huntsville, I bought me a home, a little three room brick house and I got me some rabbits and was thinking to go into the rabbit business. I did not have sufficient of work in the shop and as such I had to get other work

whenever I could and as such I was working for a bee man considerable. I had one of my sons living at Salmon, Idaho and one day I got a letter from him telling me that a shoemaker in Salmon wanted to sell his shop and there I would have plenty of work, and as I would like to get that shop and could not take it unless I could sell out what I had in Huntsville, and so I was seeking for to find a buyer and in a few days I found one and he bought everything I had except my shop and another man bought my shop but could not pay for it before in the fall and this were in the spring that I sold to him. Just as I had sold everything I had I got another letter from my son telling me that the shoemaker up there would not sell his shop unless I could buy his home too.

Do-Nuts

Now that I could not do and so here I was had sold everything so I decided to go to Logan, but before I went there I bought me a Do-Nut Electric Baker and I was now going to make Do-Nuts. I rented a place and started to make Do-Nuts, took some with me and went out to take orders, it was a hard uphill business but I stayed with it as I was going to make it go. I had been working at it for some time and had got some steady customers, some stores, and some restaurants, and it looked like I was going to make a success out of it. There was a baker in Logan and he did not like it as I got his customers and Saturday was my biggest day and this Saturday I had made up a real big lot of Do-Nuts, all I had was in this batch of Do-Nuts, and when I had them all delivered and got my money I would be on the top of it, but it did not go that way. When I came out to deliver my Do-Nuts, not one would take any of them, and so here I was with all these Do-Nuts on my hands and no money as all I had was put into this batch of Do-Nuts. I tried to sell some of them to private people but it did not amount to but very little and my Do-Nuts got stale and as such I could not offer them for sale, so I would have to eat them myself, and so I lived on Do-Nuts for some three or four weeks. They got so hard that I had to soak them in water to be able to eat them.

Now I had no money and could find no work, and for three weeks I had only

three meals, and I had them give to me. The one who give me the three meals was a dear friend of mine and he just happened to meet me on the street and wanted me to go with him home, but he did not know my terrible condition, nor did anyone else. I could not tell anyone nor could I ask anyone for a meal, no I could not beg.

But after a while one day one of my sons and a son-in-law came in to Logan to see me and I went with them home to Shelley. It was time for to dig potatoes and beets and so I got work with two of my sons to help them with their potatoes and beets and spent the rest of the winter with the children, and now and then I would make some name plates for people. Early in the spring I went up to Idaho Falls and rented a room and started to make house numbers and name plates. I was there for about four months and done fairly well, I then went down to Pocatello and was there for a little better than two months making house numbers and name plates. I also made some grave markers on plate glass. Then I went back to Shelley, and there I was helping my son George to get ready to move. We had to fix up the place and to build stable for the stock, and it was almost Christmas time, and one day I got a letter from my son Andrew who lived at Salmon, Idaho and he wanted me to come out there to stay for a while, and so I did, and came there in the Christmas week. I was there with Andrew until the first of August when I got a job on a big cattle ranch out at Pasemeroi.

Rheumatism

In the month of October I came down with rheumatism and it got so severe that I could not walk, I layed there in the bunk out in the bunkhouse and could not help myself. I sent a letter to one of my daughters, Minnie, and told her about my condition and asked for someone to come out for me, and so one day my grandson Jonny and my son-in-law Phil came out for me, and they came in a car and took me home to Shelley where I was with my daughter Minnie that winter. I was so bad that Heber, Minnie's husband, had to dress and undress me. I tried many things but it did me but very little good, then I got some Crazy Crystals that helped

me after I had used up 4 boxes of it I got so that I could walk and help myself. I then went over to stay with George again for a while it was in the spring of the year and the warm weather was good for me, too.

One day I got a letter from a lady in Pocatello asking me if I still was making grave markers, if so there were some people in Pocatello, some of her friends that wanted some. I had made some grave markers for this lady while I was in Pocatello. I write her and asked her to send me what they wanted and I would make them, and soon I had the order and had the work done. I got Blacksmith Larsen to take me out to deliver them.

Accomplishments While Over Seventy

In the meantime, I had had a letter from my son John who lived at Burbank, California, they wanted me to come out there and help them doing research work in the Los Angeles library as they could not read the Danish and Swedith language and I could do that, and now I had got the money for my grave marker that I had made, and so had the money to go to Los Angeles for, and started to go to the library at once, and after a month or so I was entirely over my rheumatism.

That same fall, in the month of October, I had the privilege of going to the Mesa Temple and was there for one week. My daughter-in-law and myself went with some people by the name of Nebukar who were to go and stay for a whole week. Now as I had my Do-Nut baker with me to Burbank I thought I would start to make some Do-Nuts so to help things along a little, and so I started to make Do-Nuts when I did not have anything to do. One day while I was out with my Do-Nuts I heard of an old man that had taken sick, he had some kind of a stroke, so in the evening after I came home I went over to his place to see him and as I came there I found that his wife was sick in bed and in a bad condition. They were very glad for me to come and see them and they wanted me to stay over night with them, and I did. Next morning they told me if I could they would be very glad for me to stay for a few days and so I stayed with them. After a little over a week they had to take the woman to the hospital, then the woman wanted me

to promise to stay there with him until she came back, but she never came back. I primised that I would stay and about two weeks later she died, now I could not go and leave him there alone and so I told him that I would stay with him and take care of him. About 11 weeks after he had to get out. It was his own home, but had borrowed some money on it and could not pay the interest and so they took the home away from him. Now this Brother Nebuker that I had went with to the temple had a garage that he could spare and so he fixed that up for this poor man and let him live in it, so now I did not need to stay with him as they would look after him, and about one half year after that he died. By the way, this man's name was Charles Mound.

I could now get more time to go to the library and to sell Do-Nuts, I also got me some lawn sprinklers to sell. We were now in the year of 1934 and I again had the privilege to go to the temple at Mesa. I went there together with my daughter-in-law and another family by the name of Hudhens. At that time I stayed for five weeks, from the first of June to the temple closed in July. At that time I was the chairman of the Genealogical Society of Burbank Ward.

In the year of 1935 in the month of July I went to Idaho together with my son John and stayed for about six weeks visiting my children.

That same year commencing at the fall or the time of the Mutual to start, I got a premium for being the only male member of the M.I.A. of the Burbank Ward not missing one M.I.A. meeting that year.

In the spring of 1936 I was called to take one year mission as a stake missionary.

In 1937, I had been working for some time digging sewer and made a little money so I took a trip to Utah, Idaho, and Washington to visit with my children.

I stayed in Washington for about seven weeks and while there made \$45.00 picking potatoes. I put in a little better than three months on that trip.

Temple Work

That fall I went to the Mesa Temple again and stayed there for eight months,

I left Burbank on the 7th of November and came home in the middle of July the next summer. That was the grandest time of my life, while there I took 414 endowments, helped with 14,400 baptisms, how many sealings I helped with I could not keep track of. While there I took in all the regular sessions except one and took in all the extra sessions from the different stakes and wards, and as such I was never idle. In the temple I worked almost steady for the last three months at the veil.

In the fall of that year on the 6th of September, I started to work for the Church Welfare at Glendale as a shoemaker and stayed until the 3rd of December, 1940, when I took sick with the flu and have not at this date the first of February, 1941. On the first of November, 1939, I went to the Mesa temple and stayed there for three weeks and on August 3rd I went on a five week's trip to Utah, Idaho, and Washington to again visit with my children, I had a grand time visiting with all my family except six of my grandchildren and five of my great grandchildren.

And I have today, or up to date, 11 children alive and one dead, 77 grandchildren, and 10 of them dead, 36 great grandchildren, in all 124. On the 13th of March, 1940, I left Burbank and located at 1214½ South Fedora Stree, Los Angeles where I am still living today, February 1, 1941.

It would be nothing but fair to state here that I have forgotten to write down that I did go to night school at Burbank one winter and there I learned to paint scenery, and since then I have learned to make novelties and now I can make all kinds of novelties, I made them of plaster paris, it is a real art.*****

Post Script

In July he decided to make a trip and see all his children once more, he traveled by bus, went to Cedar City, Utah, down to Orderville, Utah where his eldest son lived, up to Salt Lake City, Ogden, Logan, and Smithfield in Utah. Went on to Shelley, Idaho where he attended a Bolander reunion of most of his family and part of his brother Andrew's family from Ogden. He v bited in Salmon, Idaho

with another son, and Idaho Falls where a daughter and son-in-law lived, then to Washington. His baby daughter and baby son are living in Washington, the son in Boulder Dam and the daughter in Cle Elum. Then back down through Oregon, visited with a nephew in San Francisco and back to Los Angeles California, having been about six weeks on the trip. He then went back to work for the Church Welfare mending shoes.

He spent Thanksgiving of 1941 with some of grandchildren in Alhambra. On the 3rd day of December, 1941 he came down with a very severe cold which developed into pneumonia, and at some time in his life he had worked too hard and strained the heart too much and a large clot of blood had formed in the heart so it was not able to do the work with the extra strain put on it, and he had a very severe heart attack from which he never recovered. He had to sleep sitting up to make breathing easier for him. He passed from this life March 19, 1942, after an illness of three months sixteen days. He left a family of 11 living children, 60 living grandchildren and 46 living great grandchildren.

Post Script by Mary J. Bolander

*First copy made by Dorothy L. Christensen. Second copy made by Chadley A. Christensen, June of 1981.